



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

WIDENER LIBRARY



HX TAG5 0

AL 408.101 (3)



HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY



THE

LOWELL OFFERING

AND

MAGAZINE.

WRITTEN AND EDITED BY

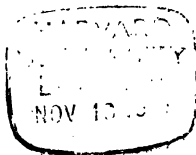
FEMALE OPERATIVES.

“Is Saul also among the Prophets?”

15

LOWELL:
WILLIAM SCHOULER.
1843.

AL408.101 (3)

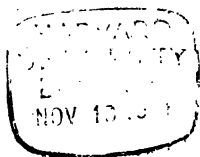


Printed by Stearns & Taylor,
Corner of Central and Hurd sts.

INDEX.

	<i>Page.</i>		<i>Page.</i>
Address to Patrons,	23	Kissing,	243
Aunt Letty, or The Useful,	25	Life,	12
A Christmas Tale,	85	Lafayette at the Tomb of Washington,	140
Ada, the Factory Maid,	97	Lowell,	145
A Fragment,	128	Life's Changes,	171
Alison's History of Europe,	166	My Grandfather's Queue,	58
A Swedish Cure for Duelling,	180	No Confidence where there is no Prin-	
A Letter about Hard Times,	203	ciple,	249
A Manual Labor School,	213, 281	Originality,	21
A Letter from Miss Martineau,	216	Our Native Land,	129
An upright Judge is no respecter of		Our Thoughts are heard in Heaven,	155
persons,	227	Our Poor Relation,	156
Beauty,	109	O why should the spirit of mortals be	
Books and Reading,	143	proud,	253
Charity,	31	Pocahontas,	14
Cousin Judith's Visit to Boston,	45	Plea for the Indian,	56
Cleopatra and Zenobia,	65	Poems,	172
Curiosity,	80	Poetry. A Dialogue.	176
Cousin Mary,	89	Prejudice the Arbitrator of Taste,	242
Charity. A Sketch.	121	Review of American Notes,	95
Comedy at the Parsonage,	141	Reading,	100
Composition,	164	Something New,	42
Chapters on Life as it is,	199, 237, 248, 278	Say, where does beauty dwell,	82
Chances and Changes,	238	Solitude,	162
Close of the Volume,	282	Stories from the Linn-side,	
Departed Summer Flowers,	34	10, 43, 60, 85, 103, 131, 208, 250	
Destruction of the Jewish Temple,	138	The Miniature,	10
Evidence of Design in Nature,	32	The Laborer's Remonstrance,	20
Embroidered Scarf,	208	The Old-Fashioned Collar,	22
Factory Blossoms for Queen Victoria,	1	The First Grief,	43
First Efforts of Genius,	5	The Young Wife,	49
Forefathers' Day,	119	The Prospect from my Window in the	
Faith and Fancy,	153	Mill,	57
Garfilena,	255	The Victim of Revenge,	60
History of the Lowell Offering,	47	The Misanthrope,	73
How beautiful are all the Works of		The Picture,	81
God,	127	The New Year,	96
Health,	190	The silent expressions of Nature,	102
History,	201	The Young Widow,	103
History of a Tree,	245	The Village Burial,	106
Hard Times,	165	The Male Coquette,	131
Incidents of Adventure,	77, 107, 144	The Last of the Barons,	167
		The White Dress, or Village Aristoc-	
		racy,	169

AL408.101 (3)



Printed by Stearns & Taylor,
Corner of Central and Hurd sts.

THE LOWELL OFFERING AND MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1842.

FACTORY BLOSSOMS FOR QUEEN VICTORIA.

LADY, accept the humble flowers
Which now I tender thee;
They bloomed not in Parnassian bowers,
Nor on some classic tree.

Amid the granite rocks they grew
Of a far-distant land;
Ne'er were they bathed in Grecian dew,
Or watched by sylphic hand.

This claims no place amid the wreaths
Which often strew thy way;
Simple the fragrance which it breathes,
A factory girl's bouquet.

But deem me not, when it meets your sight,
Wanting in courtesy—
This stubborn Yankee pen wont write,
YOUR GRACIOUS MAJESTY.

And yet thy throne I've ever deemed
A nucleus of light;
All earthly grandeur to me seemed
Around thee clustering bright.

I've marked thy course since I was told,
That, 'neath Old England's sky,
A princess dwelt, about as old,
Or nearly so, as I.

For in my childhood's days, I loved
To hear of kings and queens;
My infant fancy quickly moved
At grand and novel scenes.

	<i>Page.</i>		<i>Page.</i>
Twilight Musings,	174	The Portrait Gallery,	14, 65, 113
The Poet's Dream,	188	To the "Blue Devils,"	279
The Wanderer,	193	Thoughts of Home,	280
The Embroidered Scarf,	208	Unstable as water thou shalt not excel,	187
The Pudding,	212	Voyage of Fernando up the Mississippi,	211
Thought,	225	Woman's Influence,	217
The Fortune Hunter,	229	You must Forget,	248
The Poems Returned,	239	Zenobia,	113
The Sabbath in Lowell,	239		
The Dark Side,	246		
The Broken Vow,	250		
The Past,	264		

POETRY.

Autumnal Thoughts,	69	Show us the Father,	101
Complaint of a Nobody,	207	Stanzas,	175
Eternity,	241	Song,	251
For Sabbath Morning,	118	The Bridge of Sighs,	13
Friendship,	238	The River,	21
He is not here—He is risen,	55	The Task of Death,	35
Life,	12	The Dentist's Arm-Chair,	64
Lines to O. P. H.	130	The Fairies,	83, 110, 135, 181
Lines addressed to the Comet,	161	True Charity,	128
Lines addressed to a Cloud,	171	To a Faded Rose,	142
Lines addressed to a Brother,	199	To the Eolian Harp,	152
Memento Mori,	201	The Indians,	163
Napoleon in Exile,	297	The Admirer of Nature,	173
On a Young Man lost at Sea,	75	The Murderer's Request,	226
Room for the Dead,	276	The Falling Rain,	233
Song of the Invalid Girl,	88	To the "Linnæa Borealis,"	279
		The Past,	280
		What is Beautiful,	45
		Winter Forest Musings,	118

THE LOWELL OFFERING

AND MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1842.

FACTORY BLOSSOMS FOR QUEEN VICTORIA.

LADY, accept the humble flowers
Which now I tender thee;
They bloomed not in Parnassian bowers,
Nor on some classic tree.

Amid the granite rocks they grew
Of a far-distant land;
Ne'er were they bathed in Grecian dew,
Or watched by sylphic hand.

This claims no place amid the wreaths
Which often strew thy way;
Simple the fragrance which it breathes,
A factory girl's bouquet.

But deem me not, when it meets your sight,
Wanting in courtesy—
This stubborn Yankee pen wont write,
YOUR GRACIOUS MAJESTY.

And yet thy throne I've ever deemed
A nucleus of light;
All earthly grandeur to me seemed
Around thee clustering bright.

I've marked thy course since I was told,
That, 'neath Old England's sky,
A princess dwelt, about as old,
Or nearly so, as I.

For in my childhood's days, I loved
To hear of kings and queens;
My infant fancy quickly moved
At grand and novel scenes.

There's one, whose memory still on earth
By my fond heart is shrined,
For wisdom, beauty, knowledge, worth,
In her were all combined.

I wept to think, that one like her,
So soon, to Death, must bow;
And oft the query would recur,
"Have they a Charlotte now?"

I often strove, with mental glance,
To scan the youthful maid,
Who o'er that cold form must advance,
And rule where she'd have swayed.

The day I watched so many bless,
Which made the girl a queen;
I saw the plain black mourning dress,
The simple pelerine.

The tearful eye, the modest mien,
Distinctly were portrayed,
Thou surely in that hour wert seen
In purest charms arrayed.

I marked the pageant, long and proud,
When thou, in dazzling sheen,
Surrounded by a brilliant crowd,
Wert crowned Britannia's queen.

And, lady, never, since that hour,
Could I forget that queen;
But ah, in all of regal power,
The woman's seldom seen.

I read of wars, so vast and proud—
Say, are they always just?
Are those whose necks thy warriors bowed,
Those who *should* kiss the dust.

I read of those by wrongs oppressed
Beneath a woman's sway:
Lady, could not thy kind behest
Change their sad lot? Oh, say!

Methinks thou art not ruler there;
I see the statesman's guile;
In all that speaks of regal care,
There's diplomatic wile.

Lady, this would not be, but then
Amidst this care and strife,
The youthful queen has also been
A mother, and a wife.

Yes, like some faint and tiny star
Set in a darkling sky,
I've watched the brilliant orb afar
Whose fires were flashing high;

I've seen another join it there,
And forth, in orbit bright,
They grandly rolled in upper air,
Changing to day the night.

And little stars have since appeared;
The cluster there to grace;
The primal orb is more endeared,
As new ones take their place.

Oh, lady, from the far-obscure
I'd send one little ray,
Hoping that, should its light be pure,
'T would aid the dawning day.

Mayhap, so feeble is its strength,
The way so void and far,
That, wheresoe'er it rests at length,
Its light may seem to mar.

But if the least orbs of the night
Could cluster o'er the sun,
The disc, which now is not all bright,
Might be a spotless one.

Even thus the factory girl may say
What others leave unsaid;
And, lady, read for this, I pray,
What, else, would not be read.

Smile not, as at some maniac's word,
Though speech like mine be strange;
Advice, I know, is seldom heard
Where supple courtiers range.

But I would have thee change thy state—
Courts should such change allow;
And, lady, what might once be great,
May not be greatness now.

There's better far than pomp or state
To claim a sovereign's care—
Goodness should always make her great,
And kindness makes her fair.

Let oft thy words repeated be—
Traced once in lines of light—
"Speak to me not of policy,
But tell me, is it right?"

THE
LOWELL OFFERING

AND

MAGAZINE.

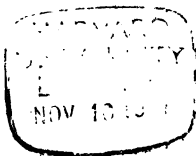
WRITTEN AND EDITED BY

FEMALE OPERATIVES.

“Is Saul also among the Prophets?”

LOWELL:
WILLIAM SCHOULER.
1843.

AL408.101 (3)



Printed by Stearns & Taylor,
Corner of Central and Hurd sts.

INDEX.

	<i>Page.</i>		<i>Page.</i>
Address to Patrons,	23	Kissing,	243
Aunt Letty, or The Useful,	25	Life,	12
A Christmas Tale,	85	Lafayette at the Tomb of Washington,	140
Ada, the Factory Maid,	97	Lowell,	145
A Fragment,	128	Life's Changes,	171
Alison's History of Europe,	166	My Grandfather's Queue,	58
A Swedish Cure for Duelling,	180	No Confidence where there is no Prin-	
A Letter about Hard Times,	203	ciple,	249
A Manual Labor School,	213, 281	Originality,	21
A Letter from Miss Martineau,	216	Our Native Land,	129
An upright Judge is no respecter of	227	Our Thoughts are heard in Heaven,	155
persons,		Our Poor Relation,	156
Beauty,	109	O why should the spirit of mortals be	
Books and Reading,	143	proud,	253
Charity,	31	Pocahontas,	14
Cousin Judith's Visit to Boston,	45	Plea for the Indian,	56
Cleopatra and Zenobia,	65	Poems,	172
Curiosity,	80	Poetry. A Dialogue.	176
Cousin Mary,	89	Prejudice the Arbitrator of Taste,	242
Charity. A Sketch.	121	Review of American Notes,	95
Comedy at the Parsonage,	141	Reading,	100
Composition,	164	Something New,	42
Chapters on Life as it is,	199, 237, 248, 278	Say, where does beauty dwell,	82
Chances and Changes,	238	Solitude,	162
Close of the Volume,	282	Stories from the Linn-side,	
Departed Summer Flowers,	34	10, 43, 60, 85, 103, 131, 208, 250	
Destruction of the Jewish Temple,	138	The Miniature,	10
Evidence of Design in Nature,	32	The Laborer's Remonstrance,	20
Embroidered Scarf,	208	The Old-Fashioned Collar,	22
Factory Blossoms for Queen Victoria,	1	The First Grief,	43
First Efforts of Genius,	5	The Young Wife,	49
Forefathers' Day,	119	The Prospect from my Window in the	
Faith and Fancy,	153	Mill,	57
Garfilena,	255	The Victim of Revenge,	60
History of the Lowell Offering,	47	The Misanthrope,	73
How beautiful are all the Works of		The Picture,	81
God,	127	The New Year,	96
Health,	190	The silent expressions of Nature,	102
History,	201	The Young Widow,	103
History of a Tree,	245	The Village Burial,	106
Hard Times,	165	The Male Coquette,	131
Incidents of Adventure,	77, 107, 144	The Last of the Barons,	167
		The White Dress, or Village Aristoc-	169
		racy,	

But either my aunt has less vanity than her niece, or a happier faculty of concealing it. But to understand the sequel, we must know that her location was very near the forty-fifth degree of north latitude; where, amidst the mountains, the "first of May" never makes its appearance, except in the almanacs, until about the twentieth of the month, and, consequently, May is any thing but "a rosy" month in reality. My aunt appears to have thought of this, for I find another address

"TO JUPITER.

O thou, who hast heard my plaint before,
 Forgive my humble prayer once more—
 My cheeks, alas, the gods *do* say,
 Are like "the rosy month of May."
 No roses then do deck the scene,
 Save in small buds of brightest green;
 And scarce a flow'ret meets our view,
 Save the white-thorn and violet blue.
 But not to these will gods compare
 My rosy cheeks, they deem so fair;
 And *green*, though lovely in its place,
 Would ill-become a lady's *face*!
 And from thy throne high in the skies,
 Didst thou not see my saucer eyes?
 Whose beaming bright and dewy light
 Is like to onions set in night.
 And were my lips forgotten too,
 In the schedule from which you drew?
 Which, like the poppy's bursting head,
 Just parts the green, and shows the red!
 Yet, be it fairly understood,
 This scarecrow form is still most good—
 "Good! but for what?" the gods do cry—
 "Good! but for what?" echoes the sky—
 But frankly, let me them inform,
 'T will keep the crows from pulling corn!"

Such were the first efforts of one, who has since been styled "an original genius." Would that the first efforts of Homer and Milton had been saved, that we might compare productions. But what! here is another paper in the same packet. It is a letter signed "Charles Mason," and dated some three or four years subsequent to the time he officiated in the capacity of "school-master." I know that their manufacture of rhymes was interrupted by the close of his school, and departure for a distant scene to finish his professional studies. And at the date of this letter, I am quite confident that my good aunt was more deeply interested with hopes of making a good housewife, than of ever becoming a literary lady. But let us read the letter:

"Miss Conroy: I beg you to pardon this gratuitous obtrusion. My only apology is, the imperious omnipotence of my own feelings, which tease me, until, harassed by their continual importunity, I determined to refer them to you. This, be their reception what it may, will at least give a respite.

Madam, I venture to indulge a hope, that you will appreciate the necessity of this unceremonious appeal to your own discretion, urged to it, as I was, by the impetuous rebellion of my feelings, and the miserable shifts of an anxious mind. Allow me the pleasure of learning, that you are not altogether displeased with the alternative which I have adopted: namely, of risking a trespass upon the sacred pinkbed of decorum, rather than ruthlessly

stifle my best feelings. I have seen you before this, and with a gaze met scintillations of those conquering orbs, and felt their thrilling power.

Another matter, by way of apology. I have a mind to paint a perfect model of female perfections, and want an original, coined from the porcelain of human clay, without one base alloy, spoiled by the caprice of a potter, or something else. Well, I know of such an original, but am in the predicament of the poet who lived not ten days ago. Such is the theme, the prototype. But the muse would cut the matter short—

For naught, she says, but close acquaintance,
Can give success to art or fiction;
So I must paint with morbid faintness,
Till you remove the interdiction.

Do not resent this abrupt request, but give me a truce to suspense the first mail. And until you give me an answer to this, (if you do not wait too long,) I remain your humble admirer,

CHARLES MASON.

P. S. Is it improper to ask a lady's love, when she holds one's feelings in utter captivity? Is it a disgrace to be refused? No; but the most overwhelming misfortune. Do not subject me to this punishment, but allow me a correspondence, which I anxiously solicit as the other alternative. Give me a truce to suspense the first mail. Allow me this indulgence, and I will promise to win you.

C. M."

There is a love letter in no everyday style. It is a gem among its fellows. No wonder its author has become "very distinguished." He probably prospered not in his suit, and exchanged love for fame. And how glad I am that Hatty is an old maid, for, undoubtedly, this precious relic would never have been preserved with such care, if the duties of a wife and mother had been her portion in life. From her temperament and peculiar turn of mind, I am quite sure she never answered it; and if she had desired to have given "a truce to his suspense," she must have felt her inability to have returned an equal number of large words, dainty expressions, and neatly coined compliments. He ought to have left for her use, some part of the dictionary and rhetoric. But "a truce" for the present. Before she sees this in print, perhaps I may be able to get something of the tale (if there were one) from her.

But her "first efforts" I have given you; and now, she is the talented author of—

What a blow! Aunt Hatty caught me with her sacred bag, and the contents spread in all directions. For once, her equanimity was sadly disturbed, and we thought we had an indistinct vision of a hand coming in contact with some of the developments of our "selfish propensities." The sudden start that we gave removed us from the direct line her hand was pursuing; and her progressive movement had commenced with such good will, that she could not stop the locomotive power *instantly*, and the effects of her effort fell upon the lamp. There it lies in its scattered fragments and spilled oil.

Good! The tremendous storm which this event shadows forth for this region, "on or about the first of October," I shall allay by lamp oil and powdered glass. Upon looking back, I perceive that I have not named the literary works of my aunt, more deserving notice. And if the printer does not make a *fac simile* of the great long mark, which our sudden move made across our paper, it will read, "author of what a blow!" Well, let it go so! That, most truly, was one of her most powerful "efforts," and has left a most indelible impression upon—the side of the house.

KATE.

STORIES FROM THE LINN-SIDE.* No. I.

THE MINIATURE.

"Departed one! upon thy bier
 No flowers of vain regret we strew;
 But joy thou canst no longer, here,
 Sorrow, and care, and anguish know:
 Oh! not for thee should tears be shed,
 To dim the pinion fair and bright,
 Of the redeemed spirit, spread
 Rejoicing for its upward flight."

"WELL, I have found you, at last," said Major Farland, as he was ushered into the little boudoir of his cousin Emma—a beautiful girl, over whose fair brow twenty summers had passed. "Here you are, sure enough, buried in old letters full of love, I suppose. Oh! and a miniature too! That must be one of your admirers, or you would not regard it with so much tenderness. Will you allow me to look at it?"

"Certainly," said Emma; "though the original of that picture is not an admirer of mine; for I never had an admirer, unless you call yourself one, which of course you will not, as old bachelors are not inclined to admire any thing that is not strikingly handsome—at least, a bachelor such as you are, with a heart hardened as many times as Pharaoh's. Yes, cousin Frederick, take it, and examine it well, for it is the face of one whom I tenderly loved."

But what was his surprise to find it, not the likeness of a gentleman; but the enamelled painting of a young and beautiful girl in the attitude of prayer. She wore a black dress adorned with brilliants; her hair was in the Madonna style, and the face was a most attractive one, of a high intellectual order. He gazed at it long and steadily; and his thoughts went back to the days of his youth, when he had given a heart, unsullied by the world, to a being of surpassing beauty; but where was she now? He cast his eyes heavenward, and pressed his hand upon that heart, which was fluttering to be free, to join her that had entered the promised land before him.

"Oh, she is beautiful; indeed," were his impassioned words, as he looked again upon the picture. "But was she good as fair? for I have often heard it remarked; that beauty hides a multitude of faults. Will you trust me with her name? And if it would not be presuming upon your time and patience too much, I should like to hear her history."

"Oh, with pleasure," was the quick reply of Emma, "for I love to speak of her; and truly can I say, that she was as good as beautiful. Her name was LEONI RUDOLF. Her parents were from the land of the myrtle and orange. They were very wealthy, and Leoni was their only child. Fondly was she loved by those parents; and every thing that wealth could bestow, or affection suggest, was lavished upon their fair child. That she might be happy, was the beginning and end of their prayers; and it did seem for a time, that the recording angel had dipped his pen in a sunbeam, instead of the chalice of darkness, when her birth was registered in the book of life. But a storm was gathering to mar the sunshine of her future life. A malignant epidemic, in one short week, deprived her of father and mother. But that was only the beginning of sorrow. It was her misfortune to be beautiful and an heiress; and dearly did she pay for the unsolicited gifts she had received."

* *Linn*—Scotch word for waterfall.

Before her father's death, he requested her to reside with a distant relation of her mother's, who was soon to be married. Gladly did she accept the invitation, which they affectionately extended to her as soon as they learned how sadly she had been bereaved; and it was their study to devise every little act of kindness that would draw her attention from the deep grief that was stealing the rose from her cheek, and the brilliancy from her eye; and surely their kindness did not pass unnoticed, for she would thank them, again and again, and try to appear interested in the plans they were arranging for years to come.

After the poignancy of her first grief was softened, and in a degree worn away, then came the admirers of her wealth and beauty. She had many suitors, and many offers, but she partook largely of the enthusiasm of her country, and none, as yet, realized her ideal image of what a husband should be; therefore, the offers of all were decidedly rejected. At length, there came one from a distant part of the country: his appearance was prepossessing; there was a blandness and a softness in his manners, which ever gains an interest in the heart of woman; he was reputed to be of noble descent, and of high moral character; he was deemed an eligible connection for the young heiress, and one every way worthy of so fair a bride. He became the admirer of Leoni, and in due time won a heart that a seraph only rivalled. It was no selfish love she gave: it was pure—it was holy. Knowing no guile herself, she dreamed not that a shadow of sin could lurk in the breast of one that was so dear to her. She had promised to be his, in weal and in woe.

Preparations were made for the wedding, and the guests were bidden, when, the day previous to the celebration of the marriage, he was arrested for mail robbery. It was by his ill-gotten gains, that he had made so imposing an appearance in the neighborhood where Leoni resided. He was tried and condemned to death, as the penalty of his crime. She went to bid him farewell. The voice of justice had condemned him; and she, that young and lovely creature, was the only being in the community who did not forsake him in the hour of gloom. He endeavored to palliate his guilt, and in so doing confessed that he had been addicted to the use of the accursed bowl. Under the influence of the poison, he had violated law and right; and the violated law of his country required his life as a bloody sacrifice. Would that some other mode of punishment might be deemed efficient for the protection of society, the powers of example, and the punishment of the guilty, than that of a public execution. And he was executed, not when night would have veiled the deed in kindred darkness, but in the broad glare of day—in a civilized, christian land, he was strangled by the instrument of the law—who, though vile, was so ashamed of his office as to conceal his hideous visage from the gaze of the multitude. But the wretched man died a penitent; and he said, a short time before the execution, that, had he sooner met with her, whose every act was overflowing with kindness, he should not have been the wretch he was now; and he felt that woman was capable of doing any thing in a good cause—that she could mould the actions of man into any form she wished by the law of kindness.

And Leoni thought she had not lived in vain, if, through her means, one soul had been led to the feet of Jesus. At their last meeting in that loathsome prison, he gave her a small pocket bible that his mother had presented to him on the eve of his departure from that dear spot, around which memory loves to linger with her thousand charms, with the injunction, that, in joy or sorrow, it should be a consolation and a guide. Dearly did the bereaved

one prize that parting gift; and on one of the blank leaves she inscribed the following lines:

"On the sunny hill of Spain, long may that mother grieve—
He may not come again, at the flush of morn or eve:
She knows not that a distant land
Gave him a felon's death;
That the land's stern law, and the hangman's hand
Dealt with his parting breath."

Though she never mentioned her sorrows, all might see, that, like the dying dove, she folded her wings closely upon the wound, to hide the ravages it was daily making. She soon resumed her wonted calmness, for she had early learned to put her trust in God, but it was the calmness of decay. It was a long, long time, before the poor people, whom she had fed and clothed for many years, could believe that the beautiful Italian girl, as they always called her, was dying; and they would lower their voices when they spoke of her goodness and love to all. It often seemed as if an angel had wrapt the mantle of resignation about my early friend, she was so mild and sweet; but, as gold is tried and purified by fire, so was she by adversity—for, 'those whom God loveth, He chasteneth.' Day by day, she saw the beautiful things of earth fading from her sight; but her words were now few, and the link which bound her to surrounding things, was broken, for her thoughts were with her heart, and that was buried in the grave of the departed, whom she had loved as once believing him gifted and worthy.

As Autumn deepened into Winter, her spirit fled from its tenement of clay. It had gone to join the angelic host, where all is pure.

But why say more? Though I love to dwell on her unstained and lovely memory, her tale is told, and thought becomes the only medium for reflection upon it."

"Her history is a sad one," said Frederick, as he arose to take leave; "nevertheless, it is one of instruction, for it is but another instance of the blessed assurance our Savior has given, that those who meekly bear the cross He lays upon them, shall be rewarded; that He will wipe away all tears from their eyes, and that death shall be swallowed up in victory."

"You are sad, cousin Frederick," said Emma, as she bade him good night, "and so am I; but, the next time you can spare an evening from the camp to spend with me, I will relate to you a story that shall be all of sunshine."

LOVE.

LIFE.

Life—what is life? A scene of care—
A round of grief, of pain, and sorrow;
Its brightest, dearest hopes, but air,
Which gild a day, and burst the morrow.
Its splendid phantasy—a dream,
That wakes to disappointment's pain;
Its boasted joys—a poet's theme,
Which lives, and lives but in his brain.

C. S.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A prison and a palace on each hand.—BYRON.

THERE 's a gladsome light in Nerissi's eyes
As a light bark approaches the Bridge of Sighs;
But a moment more, and 't will stealthily lie
On the waves which sleep 'neath her balcony:
And though every bell in that city hath tolled
The midnight hour, and the sea-breeze is cold,
Yet neither the chill of the night, nor its fear,
Can shorten the vigil she long hath kept here.
But the innocent bear in their bosoms a charm
Which will keep them from fears, and will shield them from harm,
And o'er them have the spirits of Evil no power,
Though, for others, they darken each lone watchful hour.
And yet it would seem that a sob or a tear
Were far more befitting fair Nerissi here,
Than the smile which is spreading, e'en over her brow,
And the low laugh of joyance, which bursts from her now.
Ah! little thinks she of the dark arched way
Beneath whose black shadows the cold waters play;
And little she thinks of the moans which arise
From the vaults, which can echo naught else but the sighs
Of the victims of tyranny, wo, and despair,
Whose fate has consigned them a living tomb there.*
Nerissi thinks not of the sounds which may float
On the winds of the night, nor taketh she note
Of aught, save a merry young *gondolier*,
Who is taking her heart, and herself, in his care;
And who speaks of that bright and beautiful bay,
Where the moon-beams, unbroken, on calm waters play;
And o'er those bright waves their light bark shall skim,
Till morning shall part her from love, and from him.

Oh, when the young heart is so lightsome and glad,
'T is not easy to think that aught else can be sad;
And, Nerissi, scarce can we warn thee, or ohide,
For self is forgotten, as aught else beside.
And thinkest thou not that thy lover may prove
Unworthy of thee, of thy trust, and thy love?
And that though in his heart no wrong there should be,
Yet winds may arise, and may roughen that sea;
And neither his love, nor his skill, may avail
To weather, with thee, the fierce storm and gale;
And thy bridal mantle and couch may be
But the waves of that bright Venitian sea.

*The Bridge of Sighs connected the Ducal Palace with the building, in whose dungeons those state prisoners were confined, whose offences were to be expiated by imprisonment for life.

But vain the attempt to throw the dark spell
Of caution o'er her, for she loveth too well;
And we 'll leave her now to her own glad themes,
And to revel with him in love's waking dreams.

But, Nerissi! even in *these* have I seen
What well may dispose me a moral to glean—
This world—is it aught but a Bridge of Sighs?
'Neath which the dark wave of humanity lies—
And Time, like the night-wind, goes wailing along,
For he beareth the murmur of sorrow and wrong.
Oh! far, far away let us fearlessly flee,
On the gloom-shadowed waves, to that broad and bright sea,
Whose surface is bathed in a never dimmed light,
Which may not be exchanged for the darkness of night.
And Faith shall, to us, be the gondolier
Who, with out-stretching arms, is awaiting us here—
Let us fearlessly trust, and he 'll bear us away,
Forsaking us not till the dawn of that day
Which never is followed by evening or night,
And then, not till then, will he vanish from sight.
And the incense of gratitude there shall arise,
That far, far behind is the dark Bridge of Sighs.

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY.

No. I.—POCAHONTAS.

I LOVE to be here, and muse amidst these lineaments of the departed; and to see how brightly these forms stand forth from the dim obscurity of the past, though here but by Memory and Imagination are they portrayed—yet they have done well; and where the one hath found the task too hard, the other hath been ever ready, with her magic brush, and brilliant lights, and never hath she wrought in vain.

Here are the good, the lovely, and the noble-hearted; those to whom life was ever as a gladsome dream, and those to whom it was a scene of sorrow. Here is the queen, and here the subject; here the saint, and here the savage; here the woman of olden time, and here the maiden of later days. Here are those of many different lands, and climes; the children of the long forgotten, and also of the recent, Past. It is good to be here; and I will sometimes lay aside all thoughts of the living, and the present, and come, as now, to hold communion with the dead. But when I speak, they answer me not—those rosy lips are never parted; those sparkling eyes can never vary in their glance; and I must commune with myself, and cherish every thought which may come to me amidst the stillness.

Here is a strange, and yet a fascinating scene; the portrait of one who was noble in birth, in mind, and in her destiny. There are but few of the royal in our new-found world; and thou, sweet daughter of Powhatan, shalt here precede all queens, and subjects of the East. How many characters

were once combined in thee ! The child of an emperor, and yet of a savage ; a heathen, and then a Christian ; the daughter of an Indian, the wife of a Briton ; the foster-mother of an infant nation, and yet how soon its captured victim ; the savior of one who could grieve, if not abandon thee ; Matoaka,* Pocahontas, and Rebecca—how many wild associations are mingled with those names ; thoughts of man's dark deeds, and passions ; of woman's firmness, love, and trust ; of the lights and shades which play over that era in our country's story ; and of the romance which may be woven into the fate of a forest maiden.

Pocahontas is here delineated in the attitude which to us appears most interesting. Here is Powhatan's wigwam, and the chieftain is seated, in savage state, amidst his warriors, arrayed in belt, and mantle, and feathery crown. The light of the blazing pine flickers upon the roof, sides, and floor of the sylvan dwelling. Its dusky inmates preserve a stern, unbroken silence ; and every face is blank, but for the expression of strong, unwavering purpose. In the centre of the group is the block, and victim ; for the white man has bowed himself to die. But whose is this slight, childish form, which bursts upon the group, and lies itself, as a shield, to receive the destined blow. A murmur bursts from the compressed lips of each wild man, and there is a thrill throughout the stolid group. They could have seen the blow fall upon that devoted one, and watched his writhings in the agonies of death, and still have sat, as did that old assembly before their Gothic conquerors, and which could scarcely be distinguished from the statues which surrounded them.

But for this they are unprepared, and for this they must arouse, and act. To some of them the girl appears as have the phantoms which flitted by their path in stealthy midnight march, or when, at twilight, they had roamed through the depths of the thick forest. There was more of fear than hatred in their hearts when they decreed that that strange man should die. But does not the Great Spirit send guardian ones to shield him ? or has he not "*a medicine*," which can summon the supernatural to his aid ? or is that figure but the wreathing smoke, which curls in wild fantastic forms around them all.

These are the thoughts with which they quickly start, for soon they all know, as Powhatan knew at first, that it is his best loved child, the little Matoaka. They try to force, to coax her away, but with her arms twined round the stranger's neck, she tells them, that if a blow is dealt on him, it first shall cut through her. There is something strange, almost mysterious, in this. The chieftain's heart is touched—not solely by the tears and prayers of that young girl, but by the fear that harm will come upon himself, if wrong is done the pale-face. Has not the Great Spirit been whispering to his child ? Did not He bid her thwart her father's will ? 'Tis very strange—but her petition's granted, and the emperor bids the white man live.

Such is the scene. It is Pocahontas, as she *first* appears upon the page of story ; and she starts upon the historian, much as her own red warriors were wont to burst upon our exiled fathers.

There is darkness, midnight, and storms. The records of history have been those of struggles, vexations, disappointments, privations, selfishness, and sometimes follies, and crimes. How beautifully does this young girl come, like a visitant from the ethereal world, in her innocence, trust, and self-forgetfulness ; but she does not, like a phantom, pass "in light away." From this moment she is the friend, guardian, and savior of that little stranger

* Matoaka was her real Indian name ; Pocahontas, the name by which she was known to the whites.

band. It is through her instrumentality that they have land, food, friends, and—*peace*. She hears of treachery, and goes through “the deep-tangled wild wood,” alone, and in “the darksome night,” to tell them of their foes. She dares not take one token of gratitude or love, for fear that her father will see it, “and kill her.” He whose life has more than once been saved by her, would give her jewels in which she may shine among her fellow-maidens, but she can accept of nothing now.

There is nothing in the character of Pocahontas, which appeals for sympathy to the clannish instincts of our nature. She does not concentrate in her own heart the loves, hates, hopes, fears, joys, and sorrows, of her people. On the contrary, there is something like falsehood to her father, her kindred, and her race. But we love and esteem her the more for this. It was not that aught was wanting in her heart which dwelt in theirs, of social and domestic affection, or even of patriotism; but that she had that which they did not possess—innocence, which could suspect no evil; conscientiousness, which could permit no wrong; benevolence, which yearned to do good to the pilgrim and stranger; and disinterestedness, which could forget all thought of self in her exertions for the benefit of others. We never feel that her opposition to her father, and her race, was from lack of aught that is noble or kindly in our nature; and we wonder no more that she could never sympathize with her dark-browed kindred, than that the daughter of Shylock was false to him, and to her Hebrew faith. Pocahontas is separate from all her tribe, because there are none else pure, soullike, gentle, and affectionate like her. A lonely life must hers have been in early days, yearning for communion with those she could not find; sending forth the warm aspirations of her heart into the void around her, to be ever reminded that they are but wasted breath. How she struggled to love that which was not lovely; to mingle with that with which she had no affinity; to learn that of which no one could teach her; to worship where she could not believe. But when the white man came to her, as if from the Spirit Land, with his magic powers, his mysterious arts, his strange yet beauteous frame, for little could she know that his clothing was not the gift of Nature, and the huge winged monsters which bore him o’er the deep, there was a trembling hope that here might be arrested the vague aspirations of her heart. His deeds of prowess are the theme of every tongue; and when they come and tell her of his words—how that the stars are far-off suns, and the moon a shining world; how that the earth is round, and people dwell beneath their feet; how there are lands beyond the great waters, where the people are thick as leaves upon the trees, the hairs upon the head, the stars in the sky, and the sands upon the sea-shore, and “how the sun did chase the night around the earth”—there is a trembling hope that in these may be found companions who can satisfy her questioning spirit. Hitherto her life has been an isolated one—father, mother, friends, are all as though another race of beings—

“A lily in the wilderness, lifting its pure white brow
Amidst the weeds and thorns around, such, *Indian maid*, wert thou.”

But she is never aloof from them—she mingles in every scene of rude festivity, she wails when they send forth the funeral cry, she dances with her maidens in the moonlight, on the forest green, but she is not satisfied: when alone she is still and sorrowful. Nay, she never is alone—she stands by the waters, and they send forth their rough chorus; she sits upon the hill-side, and the winds chant their loud anthem; she lies down in the wild-wood shade, and the leaf-harps send forth a sweet music, unheard by other ears.

Nature is ever around her, and never mute ; but she speaketh with a strange tongue. The girl has been taught to worship *Okee*! but still her altar has ever been erected to an *Unknown God*. Pocahontas is no angel, but she is a gentle, sensitive, reflective being, where all are rude, gross, and sensual. She feels painfully that ignorance of those laws of Nature, and of our being, which is ever so oppressive to the meditative mind. And when she knows that another and nobler race of beings have come to live among them, how quickly comes the thought that of them she can learn, in these confide, and to these assimilate. The white men *were not what she had thought them*, but they *were* a superior race of beings. She was not mistaken there. They could teach her much which she fain would know ; they declare unto her the UNKNOWN GOD, and she could not then understand their selfishness, avarice, contempt of heathens, and the wrongs they meditated upon her race.

"Blessed are *always* the pure in heart"—and blessed was this heathen girl in the possession of a heart so open to all holy truth, so repellant of all of evil with which she found it mingled.

It was always difficult for the Indian to understand why the white man came upon his lands. He questioned of it as did the ancient Briton, when, the Roman came to his island home, and Pocahontas must have lent a credulous ear to the plausible reasons which they gave, for leaving splendor, comfort, home, and friends, to come among her benighted people. They would give these heathen a better religion, and how instinctively her spirit receives the Holy Word as truth. To her they are not colonists, but pilgrims ; not adventurers, but missionaries ; and they are dependent upon her favor. She watches around them as a spirit of the upper world might hover over us—beautiful, benign, and melancholy Pocahontas—lovely, virtuous dignified, and happy Rebecca.

Were a band of visitants to come to us, from another sphere, a race superior in mind, and far more beautiful in person than we, whose hearts would yearn towards them from quickest sympathy ? whose feelings would most readily respond to theirs ? and by whom would their wants and wishes first be met ? By the pure, the imaginative, the spiritually-minded. Those whose souls have oftenest wandered in the highest regions of the ideal. And those who would shrink, would quail, would turn indifferent away, would be the irreligious, heartless, and earthly-minded. These strange visitants might have powers of harm, and thoughts of wrong, but if they were different from ours, we should not, if innocent ourselves, be ready to suspect them of evil.

It was thus that, in both North and South America, those who were most prompt in their appreciation of the powers, and most ready to extend their sympathies to the white man, were superior to their fellows, as surely as they were afterwards the first to foresee, and the most strenuous in their efforts to prevent, the evil which impended o'er their people.

There is an interest almost sublime in contemplating the character and fate of these red-browed men, as connected with our pale-faced ancestors—these children of Nature, contrasted with the children of Civilization. When they came in little bands, "a feeble folk," without provision, shelter, or lands, they were welcomed, supported, and cherished, till fears were excited for their own safety, and preservation. Then came the deadly struggle—then stood they foe to foe—the one strong in civilized art and stratagem ; the other maddened by the sense of treachery, and outrage, and nerved by a sense of the justice of his cause.

It reminds one of the fable of the *woodman*, who took the chilled and help-

less serpent to his hearth and bosom, but to receive a strength which was to be exerted for his destruction. Even thus the Indian took into the bosom of his home a creature, which was to rise with fresh and mighty power, to coil round him its swelling folds, and thrust at him its hydra head; to crush, mangle, and destroy. It was a fearful struggle—the struggle of the Laocoon, most noble, though it was useless and fatal.

There is something, I repeat, most touching in the manner in which they depart. They find themselves powerless—utterly unable to cope with their enemies. To remain—to hover, ghostlike, over the remains of their kindred—to live in bondage, aye, in communication with their conquerors, is degradation, misery, and worse than death. But they must go—the pale-face shall not see them live—he shall not see them when they waste and die. Then comes the mournful question, “Can the bones of our fathers arise, and follow us into a strange land?” And when they go, the most sorrowful farewell is to these burial-grounds.

There is a Roman greatness in this—the greatness of the Cæsar who mantled his face that none might see when first it blanched, or when the last convulsions passed away. Perhaps there is something very favorable to the red man in the distance from which he must be viewed—his Spartan virtues, his wrongs, his fate, the beautifully figurative style in which his sentiments are uttered, his sense of his injuries, and indignation at his enemies—in all of this there is something wildly fascinating in the page of history. Whatever would to us be most repulsive—his domestic habits, his social economy—is seldom detailed there. Yet he can throw a thrilling interest sometimes even here. An Indian, seating himself upon the ground, has little in his position to command our respect; but how are our feelings changed when he says, “The Sun is my father—the Earth is my mother—I will recline upon her bosom.”

The departure of that dark race is like that of clouds, which pass away before the morning sun. As they rise and recede, the blackness lessens; they catch new glories from the orb at which they flee; they glow in purple, pink, and crimson; they are tinged with gold; and when they melt in the far horizon, they vanish in beauty.

And is it not a touching sight when some faint remnant of that cloud comes hovering backward, o’er the scene from which it rose? “I know,” says Campbell, the poet, “of no sight more touching than that of the Indian, who returns to break his bow-string over the graves of his fathers.”

But our portrait has been suggestive of other, though kindred pictures—and, Pocahontas, have we been true in what is here ascribed to thee? A historian says of her, “Our whole knowledge of her is confined to a few brilliant and striking incidents, yet there is in them so complete a consistency, that *reason*, as well as imagination, permits us to construct the whole character from these occasional manifestations.” Even in that first scene when she is introduced to us, there is a manifestation of her past as well as present character. How was it that she, a girl among a people where woman was despised—how became she the favorite of that mighty king? that savage Bonaparte—and a favorite possessing so great an influence? It must have been the magic of worth, intellect, and affection, working on that stern man’s heart, through her whole short life, which could obtain the boon he granted her. They did not trifle with Pocahontas—they did not promise the white man’s life, and thus seduce her away, that they might work his death with no more molestation. Powhatan treated her not as a child—but as a woman. Aye, there, and then, she was treated as a *man*.

And she never lessens in the esteem and love which she at first inspired. Her sincerity, firmness, and courage will always command the former; her gentleness, compassion, modesty, and strong affection will ever win the latter. Her devotion to Christianity, her strong affection for Capt. Smith, her love for John Rolfe, are claims upon our sympathies as Christians, and *Yengese*. But she was not false to her own race. They needed not her efforts, her charities—they were then the aggressors—the murderers. She left her father because she could not witness his cruelty and treachery towards that feeble band: and when she was taken, as their captive, her tears could only be restrained by the thought that thus she might again be serviceable to them.

That little spot, where the English first settled, will ever be hallowed by thoughts of her. The moss-roofed church, and grass-grown walls of that old fort, will be remembered long after "there shall not be left one stone upon another," as the place where *Rebecca* was baptized; where, with her husband, she drank from the fountain of life; and where her love, for him and his people, was hallowed by that piety which led her to choose his people for her people, his God for her God; to live, die, and be buried among his kindred.

The departure of Pocahontas for England was to her a most interesting event. That country was the *El Dorado*, which *Fancy* loved, yet almost failed to portray. How strange and magical must that old world have seemed to her; but strangest of all, most mysterious of all, that ties of love must there be sundered by courtly etiquette.

She must not call Capt. Smith her father here, because, forsooth, she is the child of a monarch, and he is but "a subject of that realm." The *Lady Rebecca* could understand the superiority of the English, she could perceive the resources and advantages of civilization, she must have painfully felt her ignorance of what they so much valued, but she could not understand their mere formalities; she could not perceive the advantages of Capt. Smith's cold bearing. He had thought him dead—she knew not otherwise until she met him, when she was "a stranger in a strange land," even as he had been in the home of her fathers. And here the man, whose life she saved, must meet her with a formal grace, and will not let her call him "*father*." "You were not afraid," said she to him, "to come into my country, and strike fear into every one but me, but here you are afraid to let me call you *father*—but I tell you that I will call you *father*, and you shall call me *child*; and so I will be your countryman for ever and ever."

The man who had gained the affections of women of many lands, of the Russian, the Turk, and the French, had a strong hold upon the heart of the poor Indian. Her feelings must have been deeply wounded, and Capt. Smith did not repay her disinterested love as it should have been returned.

True, he wrote a letter to Queen Anne, commending to her notice and charity this lovely daughter of the forest. But, even in this, the selfishness and avarice of the white man is depicted. He speaks, it is true, of "this tender virgin, whose compassionate, pitiful hand had oft appeased their jars, and supplied their wants." Of her rejection of heathenism, "being the first Christian of that nation, the first Virginian that ever spoke English, or had a child in marriage with an Englishman; a matter worthy of a prince's understanding." He also speaks of her exceeding desert—her birth, virtue, and simplicity, and of "her great spirit, *however her stature*."

But this is not why he particularly recommends her to the notice of the queen. It is because, by a right conduct, "this kingdom may have a kingdom, by her means;" whereas, by a contrary course, "her present love might

be turned to scorn and fury, and divert all this good to the worst of evil; but if she should find so great a queen do her more honor than she could imagine, it would so ravish her with content as to effect that which her majesty and her subjects most earnestly desire."

And this was the reward of the generous, *unselfish*, heroic exertions of Pocahontas.

But in the midst of these *disinterested* attentions, the Lady Rebecca died—died as she was about to return to the land of her fathers; to exchange the wearisome formalities of courtly life for the unrestrained enjoyment of a humble home; as she was hoping to look upon her father's face once more, and to lay before the aged man the child of his beloved Rebecca.

Perhaps it was well that she died then; that she never lived to see the ascendancy of the white man in that western home; that she never saw the kindred of her husband ruling where once her father held sole sway. There must have been struggles, heart-aches, and self-questionings which would, at least, have marred her happiness.

In that island, far over the great waters, where lie entombed so many of the good, the brave, and royal, rest also the remains of the first, and, as yet, the last, distinguished princess of America.

ELLA.

THE LABORER'S REMONSTRANCE.

"GIVE me justice, and keep your charity at home," said Jonathan, to one of the non-producers, who spend the night in devising means to grow rich upon the earnings of those who toil early and late, and the day, in executing those plans. "Give me justice—*compensate* me, adequately to my toil, and I shall have wherewith to supply my wants."

"Refuse not the proffered alms," said a worthy father in Israel; "but think of your suffering family. Remember that an over-ruling Providence has brought about your present afflictions; and that an all-wise God has kindly ordained that the rich should assist the poor, when the day of trouble comes."

"You will never make *me* believe," said Jonathan, "that my present abject condition was brought about by the interposition of an over-ruling Providence, till I have the folly to believe that God foreordained that the produce of my toil should add more to the interest of an idle drone, than to my own."

"Have confidence in your Maker, and murmur not against His wise dispensations," said the good father, "but be reconciled to your fate."

"If you would inspire me with confidence," said Jonathan, "do not bring a reproach upon true religion, by sanctioning oppression, or even intimate that I should receive as a favor, that which ought to be demanded as a right. If you would reconcile me to my fate, consider the cause of the poor, and point out a remedy for the evils which they suffer. Look to the laws of society—look to the laws of the Statute Book; and if they not coincide with the laws of eternal justice, revise and correct them. See that the cries of the laborer ascend not into the ears of the LORD OF SABAOth, on account of oppression. But let the peans of gratitude and praise ascend, because oppression hath ceased; and those who have hitherto lived, and grown fat on the life-blood of their brethren, share their burdens."

C.

THE RIVER.

GENTLY flowed a river bright
 On its path of liquid light.
 Not like some rude torrent's course,
 Onward with impetuous force
 O'er its rocky pavement speeding—
 Passing beauties never heeding—
 But its noiseless way pursued
 Where the waving forests stood ;
 Gleaming now soft banks between ;
 Winding now through valleys green ;
 Cheering with its presence mild,
 Cultured fields and woodlands wild.
 Now and then its course was hid,
 As it lightly onward sped,
 For the willow trees which flourished,
 By its kindly waters nourished,
 O'er it their long branches threw,
 Oft concealing it from view.
 But I knew it wandered there,
 For the flow'rets fresher were ;
 And the herbage, rich and green,
 On its swelling marge was seen ;
 And the tall grass on its brink
 Lowly bent, as if to drink
 From some naiad's crystal urn,
 While soft whispers, in return,
 Thro' the blades low murmuring went,
 By the zephyr minstrel sent.
 Sheltered 't was from mortal sight ;
 But the day-god, dazzling bright,
 And the stars in evening's sky,
 And the moon's calm majesty,

Looking from their home in air,
 Saw themselves reflected there ;
 That mild stream loved *heaven's* rays,
 Though it shrank from earthly gaze.

Is not such a pure one's life ?
 Ever shunning pride and strife—
 Never babbling her own praise—
 Passing happy, peaceful days,
 Noiselessly along she goes,
 Known by kindly deeds she does—
 Often wandering far to bless,
 And do others kindnesses.
 Though *herself* is seldom seen,
 Yet we know where she hath been,
 By the joy her presence gives—
 By the peace her footstep leaves—
 By crushed hearts she bids revive—
 Withered hopes again that live, [fair,
 Earth's young flowers that bloom more
 Nurtured by her gentle care.

Thus, by her own virtues shaded,
 And by glory's presence aided,
 While pure thoughts, like starbeams, lie
 Mirrored in her heart and eye,
 She, content to be unknown,
 All serenely moveth on,
 Till, released from time's commotion,
 Self is lost in love's wide ocean.

L. L.

ORIGINALITY.

SOME persons cannot be persuaded to put an idea of their own on paper, because, they say, they can write nothing original. Originality of thought they understand to mean, such as no human mind ever before conceived, and such they utterly despair of producing, for, say they, "let me select what theme I will, I always find that some talented person has written on the same subject, and with such beauty and finish, as, in the comparison, would fill me with shame for my own meagre attempt. But are they not unjust to themselves in regard to their claims to originality ? If a train of thought has its origin in their minds, does it not belong to them as really as if no other mind had conceived it ? For instance, an individual, by carefully observing

the émotions of his own spirit, comes to the conclusion that its large unsatisfied desires are an evidence of its immortality. He afterwards finds that Young has expressed the same thoughts; but may he not as justly claim them for his own as Young? As for clothing them in elegant language, though very desirable, it is of minor importance.

Is there not a pleasure in thinking for ourselves—in following out by the unassisted powers of our own minds, the relations of things, and discovering that single truths, which, of themselves, had filled us with delighted wonder, are but parts of bright constellations of truths? And shall we despise the results of our own labors because some other mind has accomplished greater achievements of the same kind? May we not, rather, presume to greet as kindred souls, those into whose trains of thinking we so naturally fall? And, though now so much our superiors, may we not hope that they will have no cause to disdain the claim when mind shall be fully developed?

If we are not each to think for ourselves, why has each individual mind the powers of reasoning, comparing and deciding on any subject which is presented to it? Is not the possession of these powers an evidence that we are not to rest entirely upon the labors of other minds? If so, is not original thinking a duty? And if this duty was performed, *how very easy it would be to write originally.*

But originality of thought is not confined to sober truth. There are flights of imagination, which, though not so beneficial as the contemplation of truth, may with propriety be indulged. And as in fancy's unlimited domain there are no beaten tracks of causes and effects, and as she is continually multiplying her strange creations, there is always the probability of finding there, something not only original, but new. In this she may boast of an advantage over truth—for truth is *never* new. It may be discovered, but never created. But, let truth or fancy guide us in this wonderful world with these wonder-working minds, there is no fear that we shall exhaust the treasury of thought.

E. A. L.

THE OLD-FASHIONED COLLAR.

MANY weeks have elapsed since Augusta Herbert bade her wedding party, which comprised all the married people in the town.

The *élite* of the place were already assembled, when Mrs. Lane was announced.

Upon a sofa, in an opposite part of the room, sat Mrs. Blake, surrounded by a clique of her *particular* friends.

She was the wife of one of the wealthiest merchants in the city, and, unfortunately, dress was the shrine before which she bowed, and the standard by which she measured all others.

On seeing Mrs. Lane enter, she exclaimed, in an under tone, accompanied by a scornful curl of the lip,

"Do see how shabbily Mrs. Lane is dressed. Positively, I should be ashamed to appear in respectable company so meanly clad. There is her collar—I should think it was cut in the year one; and see the work—how antiquated! Why, she is a perfect fright!"

"That she is," replied Mrs. Bartlet; "but I am certain that she will get tired of intruding herself into company, for I am determined not to associate with her."

"So am I," "So am I," was echoed by some half-dozen voices, in a suppressed tone.

Meanwhile the object of their ridicule, all unconscious of the effect produced by her old-fashioned collar, had a kind word and a smile for every one. With her the moments fled on golden wings, bearing with them the fragrance of intelligence; and true Christian kindness.

Once during the evening, Mrs. Lane endeavored to draw Mrs. Blake into conversation, by making some casual remark on a volume of poems, recently published. But just at that moment, the latter recollected a magnificent pattern for a ball-dress, which she described to an equally interested auditor, the other side of her. And Mrs. Lane passed on, thinking that, probably, Mrs. Blake had not read the poems, and would not like to say any thing upon the subject. At length the hour for separation arrived, and the lady of "the old-fashioned collar" wished the bride abundant prosperity, and bade the company good-night. * * *

It was a cold, stormy evening, and the wind howled fitfully amongst the wilderness of houses. But no one of that brilliant assemblage returned to a desolate hearth. The present, alas! is no guarantee for the future, for scarce had Mrs. Lane closed her eyes in sleep, ere she was roused by the fearful cry of, "Fire!" "Fire!" Strangely, peal after peal, from the fire-bell, mingled with the wild war of Nature that raged around.

The engines were brought, but the extreme cold prevented their use. And every effort of the firemen, to extinguish the flames, proved equally unavailing. Soon, the noble edifice, which was Esq. Blake's dwelling and store, was wrapt in one broad sheet of flame. With difficulty Mrs. Blake wrapt her two babes in thick mantles, and escaped from the devouring element. An hour passed, and all that remained to that proud and aristocratic family, was the clothing in which they escaped.

Prompted by the native goodness of her heart, Mrs. Lane sent a messenger to seek the sufferers, and invite them to her house. And in the interim she employed herself in preparations for their reception. Kindness performed its perfect work. And when Mrs. Blake arrived, she confessed her fault, and with tearful eyes besought Mrs. Lane to grant her the aid of her friendship and counsel, in forming a more correct estimate of persons and things. From this time, the two ladies were inseparable friends. * * *

At the close of the next year, Esq. Blake had succeeded in establishing himself in business. His wife was still known as the accomplished, and, *also*, as the amiable and kind-hearted Christian.

OBIANNA.

EDITORIAL.

ADDRESS TO OUR PATRONS. In seating ourselves, for the first time, in the *chair editorial*, we are painfully aware of the awkwardness of our situation.

We feel no disposition to inflict upon our readers, what the Indian would call, a "big talk;" and, if we had not much to say, would shorten our "salutatory" to very diminutive proportions. But there is much which we would here advance in behalf of the work which we edit, and those for whose sake we have consented to perform this unwonted task.

We feel that there should be, in the long list of periodicals, one of this character; that though, compared with them, it may appear trifling and unworthy, yet there is a mission for it to perform, which can be done by no other; that, in claiming the patronage of the community, we interfere with the rights and pretensions of no one else;

and that, to us the helping hand should be promptly extended, for our way is not "meted out, and trodden down," but a new and unbroken path.

What the object is, which we would fain accomplish, need not be particularly specified. All our readers are aware of the prejudice, which has long existed, against the manufacturing females of New England—a prejudice which, in this country, should never have been harbored against any division of the laboring population, and that many circumstances, and the exertions of many different classes of individuals, had contributed to strengthen this prejudice. We were not surprised that, when *THE OFFERING* first appeared, so many were astonished; but we were surprised that so many should, for so long a time, withhold from it their confidence. In spite of these, however, *THE OFFERING* has done much good. The involuntary blush does not so often tinge the faces of our operatives, when mingling with strangers, as when they claimed no place amid the worthy, and the educated.

But there may be those who object that the writers, for this little magazine, are the exceptions to the general rule; that they comprise but a very small proportion of the females now employed in Lowell; that the majority of them could not appear to any advantage before the public, &c. &c. All this is readily admitted; but we would also respectfully assert that the literati of our Literary Emporium comprises but a small proportion of its inhabitants; that the literati of our country is but a feeble minority of the dwellers therein; that the literati, who shed an unfading halo around the age of Elizabeth of England, were but a handful of men, amidst the crowd who owned her sway; that the undying literati, of the ancient world, were very few compared with the generations in which they have come and gone. Men have been judged by the individuals who come forward in their ranks; and the literary merit of every nation, era, or class of people, has usually depended much more upon the *merit* than the *number* of its writers; and we think it far preferable that our magazine, like almost all others, should be composed of the efforts of the better contributors among us, than that it should exhibit a specimen of the powers of every girl who has learned to write a composition. This is but justice to our subscribers, to whom we would render an equivalent, of some intrinsic value, for that which they bestow upon us.

But we fear that some will imagine, from what we have now advanced, that we have a very excellent opinion of ourselves. Far from it. We only think ourselves better than many have been willing to allow, and this might be the case without cherishing a spark of vanity. We waive entirely all considerations of literary excellence, in our appeal to public patronage, for it is not upon these that our strongest claims are founded. But we will endeavor to deserve the kindness of our patrons, and will shew our sense of it by exertions to please, if not to edify and instruct.

And may we not hope that many, who have hitherto withheld their support, will now come forward in our behalf. *THE OFFERING* may this year be considered almost as much an experiment as at first. This is the third trial, and if unsuccessful, we must even submit, with as much of republican grace as we can assume, to the will of the majority. Our subscribers may at least depend upon our honesty, and we will here assert, what we shall never trouble ourselves to repeat, that *the articles shall all be the contributions of females actively employed in the mills*; and our contributors may rest assured that their effusions shall never be submitted to the inspection of any but the Editress, and that all who wish may write anonymously.

We commend our work to the favor of the factory operatives of New England. We should prefer to receive our principal support from them; and are particularly anxious to find favor in their sight. We appeal also for aid to all the bachelors, young and old; and feel that we have peculiar claims upon their gallantry. Many of them have hitherto supported us, and we hope that they will accept our thanks for their chivalric generosity. We trust that we shall also meet with friends, and well-wishers, among the substantial yeomanry of our country—those who are the fathers, brothers, kindred, and lovers, of the factory girls of New England.

Our last appeal is to those who should support us, if for no other reason but their interest in "the cultivation of humanity," and the maintenance of true democracy. There is little but this of which we, as a people, can be proud. Other nations can look upon the relics of a glory which has come and gone—upon their magnificent ruins—upon worn-out institutions, not only tolerated, but hallowed because they are old—upon the splendors of costly pageant—upon the tokens of a wealth, which has increased for ages—but we cannot take pride in these. We have other and better things. Let us look upon our Lyceums, our Common Schools, our Mechanics' Literary Associations, the Periodical of our Laboring Females; upon all that is indigenous to our Republic, and say, with the spirit of the Roman Cornelia, "*These, these are our jewels.*"

H. F.

THE LOWELL OFFERING

AND MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER, 1842.

AUNT LETTY; OR, THE USEFUL.

AUNT LETTY was one of the best of beings. If she had any faults, they were the excess of virtues. She was a pattern of industry, which the censorious might have termed the spirit of avarice. She was saving and prudent; always looking out to be prepared for a wet day. The uncharitable might have said that she was so anxious to be ready for the storm, that she never allowed herself to enjoy the sunshine. Piety was her best garment, which the vain and frivolous might have hinted she kept for Sunday wear.

But withal, Aunt Letty among the good, was the best. Her providence saved every thing within her reach, from being lost by the carelessness of others. Her strict observance of the Sabbath, and the ceremonies of the church, was a lesson to the thoughtless, and an example to the sober minded.

Aunt Letty! Her reproofs and admonitions have been sown with an unsparing hand upon the soil of my giddy brain; and, perhaps, yet may bring forth fruit, and lead me to repent of my many idle follies.

One day I had been particularly unfortunate in my omissions, and worse in my transgressions, in Aunt Letty's estimation; and the good old maid followed me to my chamber, when I retired, to give me the benefit of her counsel in private. She was always careful that the severity of these "curtain lectures," should atone for the want of other hearers. At times, when my waywardness was so aggravating, that she could not wait to admonish me alone, she would give way to her serious indignation before my good parents. At such times my father would usually laugh at my sauciness, which would confirm it; and my mother would try to conceal the quiet smile which played around her mouth; but finding my father's mirth contagious, she would interfere, by saying, "Letty, I fear your reproofs only make Kate worse—don't mind her nonsense."

On the present occasion, she amply atoned for such interference in her labors of love, and closed, by saying, as she was about to leave the room—"Be grateful to God, that he gives you time to repent and amend."

"I am thankful to God for one thing," I rejoined, in a pet.

"And what is that?" she inquired, with a satisfied smile, hoping that, at last, her anxious care was to be rewarded by some token of amendment.

"I am thankful," I replied, "that He has kept the government of the natural world in His own hands, instead of entrusting it to a fussy old maid."

The door closed with no gentle violence ; and I went to sleep, to dream that the very power, which I had thanked God for keeping, had been given to—*Aunt Letty*.

I thought it was morning ; and, with the first peep of dawn, I was awake. Not a moment was spent in one of those waking dreams which I so dearly love to indulge ; but the instant I was aware of my own identity, I arose. Hastily, but with extreme care and order, I arranged my own chamber, and then proceeded to the breakfast room.

I was much surprised on passing the kitchen door, to see my mother, already up and alone, preparing the breakfast. I saw my father also on his way to his office, which he was not in the habit of opening until after breakfast. But some impulse, I could not withstand, kept me from waiting to be surprised, and I proceeded to arrange the table with despatch, but still as nice as Aunt Letty would have done it herself.

At an hour earlier than usual, we all had assembled at breakfast, which, by the way, was a much plainer meal than we were in the habit of finding on the table. But no one made any comment. The meal passed in silence, and we all looked as though we were ashamed of our unusual habits.

The moment breakfast was finished, my father called Tom, a boy who waited upon him, weeded the garden, and was at the beck of all, for odd jobs.

"Tom," said he, "I can't keep you any longer—you are useless—don't earn your victuals ; and I can wait upon myself, and weed the garden. And the rest can wait upon themselves."

My father looked like a culprit as he spoke, but a power irresistible dictated his words. Tom cried in good earnest. He had no home, but the one which we had given him—no parents, no friends in the wide world. My father had taken him, when a little boy, six years old, and intended to keep him until he had attained a common education, and then see what the boy's particular tact of mind, or genius might be. Aunt Letty had always owed Tom a grudge, and said he was lazy. But no one thought of it, for in her estimation, there were but few, who were not afflicted with the same complaint. But Tom stopped crying, and looking up like a hero : "I can earn my living," said he, and turned to go. But my father stopped him, and giving him some good advice, (which, however, sounded like one of Aunt Letty's harangues,) added a *sixpence* to the little fellow's empty pockets, and bade him "God speed."

For a moment after this scene, I felt relieved of the Power, which made me do whatsoever it willed, and I leaped to the front door to call Tom back. What a transformation ! I forgot Tom, and every thing but the scene before me.

My "*hydra-ranger*," which stood upon the steps beside the door, was a large squash vine filled full of little embryo squashes. The whole yard, which had cost Tom and myself so much labor, beside much design and many plans from my good father, now looked like a thrifty housewife's kitchen garden. What a metamorphosis ! The bachelor-buttons were beans ; the peonies, turnips ; the tulips, cabbages ; the China-asters, sage ; the moss-pinks, cucumbers ; the rose-bush, gooseberries ; the flower-de-luce, corn ; and every thing was changed to the *useful*. Not a solitary blossom was left for ornament.

My loud exclamations of grief, brought every person in the house to the door—and, "presto—change !" my lamentations were changed to shame, and I stole into the house with feelings as guilty as if I had been punished at school.

The Power of Industry was again upon me ; and I hunted up my knitting work, which Aunt Letty had kindly begun for me, more than a year before.

While my fingers were busy, my thoughts were again at liberty, and I thought of the pleasant hours I had spent in arranging my pretty yard—of my books—my music—my wild-wood rambles, and that brought to mind, that my faithful companion, good Argus, had not come as usual for his breakfast. And where was my cat ? Poor Kit—had she too been banished, like Tom, or had she been set to work like me ? The squeak of a dying mouse answered the query. Every body was busy—nothing in nature seemed glad, but the hens—they kept up an incessant cackle. Oh, how I wished I was a hen, so that I could escape the Power of Industry—the blight of the Useful.

Towards noon I heard a noise as of many passing, and looking from the window, (for that I could do while I knit, knit, knit,) I saw more than two-thirds of the hired help in the town going by, equipped for a journey. They were followed by all of the lawyers, save my father—all of the doctors, save old Doctor Corey—and all of the ministers, excepting old Priest Ide, and his two eldest sons were in the company.

Every body had gone to work ; and the labor had not increased in the same ratio as the spirit of industry. And it was not only the surplus of the useful that was going, but all of the ornamental. In a few hours nearly one half of our population had left. Old and young, simple and wise, all that were not absolutely necessary, was upon the move. Mother concluded that one of her hired girls were not needed, now that she did so much work herself ; and in the next half hour the other was dismissed, and I was installed in her place.

Father was down in the meadow at work, and that made one of his men unnecessary, and John was sent off. At dinner time, he concluded to keep brother Dick from school, and that made a second one useless, and Harry was dismissed. No hired help now was left in the family, save Samuel. He asked Aunt Letty to speak with him *in private*, and the result of their conference was that they were to be married the next week. I felt devoutly grateful, that *marriage* was useful ; and had a glimmering beam of foresight, or prophecy, that when Aunt Letty ceased to be an old maid, she would also have less time to regulate the will and actions of others.

But in a moment, I was off to the barn to find the eggs ; all that we could get would be necessary for the wedding cake. I had not thought, for the spirit of industry had not willed it, to take a basket ; but I must not lose time, so I substituted my apron for it, and began to gather up the eggs. I counted them as I put them into my apron, and found there was just forty, beside the nest eggs. Mother had but twenty hens, and Tom had carried in all the eggs he could find the day before. The hens' constant cackling was explained—the Spirit of Industry was busy among them also—each one had laid “two eggs a day.”

No songs or laughter was heard ; men passed each other in silence ; no inquiries were made, save to learn *how much* work they had done, and also how much hay, grain, potatoes, butter, cheese, and wool would bring. And I learned that all this toil, this sacrifice of social kindness, this narrowness of spirit, the blight of the beautiful, the absence of the ornamental, was not to meet the wants of man and animal nature ; but to gain wealth, to acquire money. For what ? Not for fear of want—not to relieve the suffering—not to surround ourselves with the enjoyments of leisure. Books were prohibited, with the exception of the Bible, Watts' Hymn Book, and the Alma-

mac. And Father had discontinued every newspaper and periodical. We had no time to read, and they were useless. Why then this constant activity? this constant attempt to gain more? That we might feel the *gratification of possession*. For this, and to this, every aim, thought, desire and exertion was made. Actual utility was not the object—it was possession of that shining dust, which men make a god, and worship—MONEY.

My father and mother, unused to such constant and severe labor, soon began to show signs of exhausted powers. They were weary and broken. The power had not been given to renovate the exhausted energies of life. Man, as a machine, might be kept at work until he wore out; and then, must be replaced by a new one. And then of what use the overstocked granary? the overflowing coffer?

One day, at dinner, my father accidentally mentioned, that the drought, if it continued much longer, would ruin the crop of potatoes. In five minutes, we were deluged with rain.

"O," said he, starting up, "why did n't I see this shower? I would have got in my hay, instead of coming to dinner."

"What, have you hay out?" asked Aunt Letty.

"More than ten loads," he replied.

"Why did n't you say so?" she rejoined in the tone of a wasp. And instantly the rain had ceased, and the cloudless sun shone cheerlessly upon the world—or at least our world. The hay was spoiled, and the potatoes not benefited.

There were moments when my mind was unfettered; when I could feel and scorn the spirit of our degradation; when I could remember and pity poor Tom. But that was not often. Even the idleness of thought was denied me. It took my whole time and mind to attend to my unceasing, unremitting duties.

To knit, to darn, or sew; to bake, to sweep, or brew, was the constant routine from morn till night. * * * * *

It was Saturday. The world looked dreary—nothing in nature was glad—even the hens' cackle of enjoyment had ceased, for their labors had exhausted their life, and they drooped.

"They are useless," Aunt Letty said, "and must die."

Two had been killed for dinner, and the next Monday was appointed for a day of general slaughter. The old, tough, and uneatable were to be sent to market, while a few of the younger ones were to be retained at home, to make a chicken pie for the wedding.

The morrow was Sunday; and when I could think, I thought of it as a day of dread and horror. It was bad enough, that we should be made but beasts of burden during the six days of our labor. But on the morrow the work would be laid aside, and the whole force of the unnatural will would be upon our minds. We should worship God—not with spirits of praise—not with grateful and thankful hearts, but with cold ceremonies; with faces elongated; and, perchance, a desire that the *fingers* might be busy, while our lips uttered *words*. I recoiled with horror, from the bitter mockery—the serious farce with which we should think to mock THE GREAT ALMIGHTY.

By the setting of the sun our labors were all completed, and at dark we retired—not to be ready by the dawn with the sacrifice of cheerful spirits to thank a merciful Providence for care, protection and love, *but—to save candles!*

By going to bed, the Power was obeyed; and the proviso, that I should go to sleep, was forgotten, as there was no work for the morrow, and I lay

thinking of the woful change of one little week. Where would it end? When our powers of execution and action ceased, should we too be useless, and like the poor hens consigned to death? There was madness in every thought. About eleven o'clock, I heard Aunt Letty go to her room, and Samuel to his. Ah! a new light broke upon my understanding. There had been another cause why we had all been willed to bed at dark—they wanted us out of the way. Sad as I was, I could not but laugh, when the query suggested itself, whether their wooing had been done in the dark, *to save candles*. I could not but think it was a wise provision; upon more accounts than the one of *saving*.

I thought how silly Aunt Letty must feel to be courted. It was a folly of which she had never been guilty, even in her youth; and one which she had ever held up to me as the most deleterious in its influence upon young girls.

The incubus, which had destroyed every thought of fun, mischief, or frolic through the week, was at length asleep; and in its place there was a glad, happy and satisfied feeling. I could not help wondering whether Aunt Letty felt so too, and wishing that she might be *courted* all the days of her life, if the power she then wielded was to continue. And then I laughed again; to think of the unnatural pucker which Samuel's mouth must have taken to say pretty, sweet and loving things. Could he draw his thick lips and wide mouth into the shape of a kiss?

In the midst of these laughing fancies, I bethought me of a practical punishment for Aunt Letty, which I had no doubt that I might play off on the morrow, in spite of her *will*. For fear that in the morning my mind might be differently biased, I stealthily arose from my bed to make my arrangements at the midnight hour, when I could think my own thoughts. I had learned that, although Aunt Letty's mind was all-powerful, her mind was not omniscient, nor omnipresent, and any thing would remain *in statu quo* that she did not think of. What I designed I knew would not enter her cranium until the moment of her punishment; and then it would be her own *will* which would cover her with shame.

I took my knitting work from the basket, where it lay in its nicest Saturday cue to remain idle until Monday, and then drew my Sunday bag from its drawer, and placed the knitting in the bottom, carefully concealed on the top by my pocket handkerchief. The needles were too long, and might betray me, and I broke them off to fit the size of the bag. I had seen Aunt Letty's fingers move too many times in meeting as if they ached from idleness, not to firmly believe that my knitting would be called into requisition the next day.

After all was arranged, I crept back to bed, and went to sleep with as satisfied a feeling, I had no doubt, as Aunt Letty herself that night.

I was awake betimes in the morning, that the cows might be milked, and every thing done in order by meeting time. The power of industry was active, but it was tempered by a quiet and Sunday feeling. We were all still, and too weary by the unwonted exertions of the past week, not to feel a sense of gratitude for the rest of the Sabbath.

At the wonted hour, we were all prompt in our start for meeting. And for once, the people were all of one mind; they could all worship at one house, and listen to the preaching of the same minister. Never before was the old meeting-house so crowded; and the many who could not get in, remained around the door and windows. *It was pleasant* to see them all meet together, to worship the Universal Creator.

The services proceeded, and the singing and prayer were as usual. When

the sermon commenced, I could not but think, that old Priest Ide preached *hard* enough to *earn* his salary. The doctrinal points were earnestly enforced; not one could mistake what he ought to *believe* to ensure his salvation. And then he passed to the practical part. Industry, economy and utility were recommended, and not only recommended, but commanded.

Aunt Letty's fingers began to move, and there was a general stir in the congregation, as though all felt the weight of the truths pointed out. Amid other exhortations, he said, "that the mind could be raised to God in gratitude for His justice and power, while the hands were active in some art of useful industry."

All felt and assented to the proposition, but no one but myself was prepared to give a practical illustration of this truth. I know not how it was with others, but with my eye fastened upon the minister, that I might not lose a word of his excellent discourse, my *hands* took my knitting-work from my bag, and my fingers plied the needles as though my every hope depended upon the quantity of work I accomplished. I knit, knit, knit, but I was hearing every word the minister said. I know not how long I had been so employed, for my mind was receiving the lesson of useful industry as Aunt Letty understood it. I was not only receiving the *letter*, but illustrating the *spirit*, and took no note of time.

I was recalled to myself by a scream of the wildest terror from Aunt Letty. I turned to her, and oh! the indefinable agony that was depicted upon her countenance. At that moment, it seemed as though the whole congregation were rushing upon me, to sacrifice me by some unheard of punishment for my sacrilegious occupation. Aunt Letty had seized me by the shoulder, and every bone in my body quaked with fear. In my effort to escape, I—*awoke*. Aunt Letty had hold of my shoulder, and was shaking me (not very gently), and as I opened my eyes,

"I thought you never would wake up," said she. "It is breakfast time."

Was it all a dream? I sprung from my bed, and in two minutes was bounding down stairs.

"Why, what is the matter, Kate?" inquired my father, as I flew into the breakfast-parlor *en dishabille*.

I looked into his face; the expression was not of anxious care, as I had seen him in my sleep. I flung myself into his arms, and a heartier, or truer kiss of affection and love I never imprinted upon his brow, than I did that morning. My mother came next for my embrace, and then Dick. I was so glad and so happy, I was almost wild with joy. I kissed every body in the house, not forgetting the dog, the cat, poor Tom, and Aunt Letty.

Breakfast was ready, but I could not eat until I had seen my flowers, and was convinced by ocular demonstration, that the phantasy of my sleep was not a reality.

I found the sweet blossoms smiling and sparkling in the undried dew and morning sun. They had not changed to turnips, squashes and cabbages. And it was with devout gratitude—not in the spirit that I had said the same to Aunt Letty the night before—that I thanked the GREAT CREATOR that HE had not intrusted the regulation and economy of nature to short-sighted and erring mortals.

KATE.

CHARITY.

"Therefore, all things, whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

ONE moment's reflection will convince us, that were all to act strictly in accordance with this "golden rule," the immediate result would be, a heaven upon earth. And it should teach us, that the nearer mankind approximate to that perfection, the greater the peace, harmony and happiness of the world. Could we at all times act upon this principle, how much of wrong and persecution would be banished from among us. How many hearts that are now almost buried beneath the injustice of a misjudging community, would rise up and rejoice with renewed strength and confidence.

To "deal justly" is a duty we owe to our God, our fellow-beings and ourselves. But still, how little do we realize and perform that duty! How very far are our lives from being in accordance with its true spirit. We are ever disobeying its injunctions; ever departing from its great moral principle of right; and, as a natural consequence, we reap the bitter and abundant harvest of our folly and wickedness, in the evil and misery everywhere spread around.

There is one species of injustice which I will mention in particular—for this reason, that many who deal justly in every other respect fail in this—namely, the general practice of suspecting, judging and speaking of people from slight external circumstances merely, and without any evidence which ought to convince the judgment that they are guilty. We cannot be too careful in our judgment of the characters of others. We are too prone to think harshly of their faults, forgetful that we are also weak, erring mortals, subject to err in a thousand ways; and when we know how often and how easily we deviate from the straight path of rectitude, ought we not, instead of condemning without evidence, to exercise charity? For whenever we harbor injurious suspicions, either towards friend or foe, they are watched by us with a jealous eye; and every incident that would tend to strengthen that feeling, though perfectly innocent, is almost unconsciously added as another link to the chain of circumstances which is sinking them still lower in our estimation; and ere long, we come to believe there is something radically wrong; and we whisper it in unkind words to others, and manifest it in coldness and neglect to them.

Oh, how much misery has been caused by this mode of procedure! Friendships broken, trusts betrayed, and many a burning tear hath been called up from the secret depths of the grief-stirred fountain of the heart, as a sorrowful witness of its soul-harrowing power; and young pure spirits have been blighted, like the early bud of spring time, by the injustice, not of enemies only, but of chosen friends.

There are few that can pass through the world unscathed by the scorching fires of slanderous tongues; few that have not felt the withering up of many of the better feelings of their nature, arising from the knowledge that their purest motives, their noblest and most disinterested actions, have been either mistaken or misrepresented, and brought to bear against them as proof of their selfishness or hypocrisy; and those who have experienced the agony that will pierce the heart under such circumstances, can but sympathize and console those in a like situation.

There is too little of charity exercised among us, towards those who have gone astray; and even many of those who profess to have been baptized in

spiritual love, are sadly deficient in this respect; they seem almost eager to denounce and crush an erring brother; and instead of attempting to reclaim him by mild persuasion, and loosing the chain that hath bound him, their harshness is but linking him more firmly and closely in its iron grasp. When, on the contrary, had he received kind treatment from those whom he had reason to respect, all his best feelings would have been called forth; and his love of virtue, like a waning altar-fire, would have been rekindled in all its former purity and brightness, and the incense of a renovated and thankful spirit have arisen in joy and praise to the throne of our Heavenly Father.

To illustrate the power of this benign principle, I would point you to the reformed inebriate. He was seen but a few months since, tottering through the streets with bloated form and bloodshot eyes—his health, his peace of mind, and reason almost destroyed. Look at him now, and what a change! His step is firm and steady; his frame healthy and robust; and his countenance is beaming with happiness and intelligence. You can scarcely believe him to be the same being whom you so lately beheld plunged in lowest depths of degradation and sin. Still it is true; and the change has been effected by the power of human sympathy and love. Through this he was made to realize his situation, and to know that there were many who yet cared for his welfare, and who were anxious to assist him in the work of reformation. His hitherto slumbering energies were aroused, and the purer desires of his nature, so long dormant, were brought into action; and with the assistance of true-hearted friends, combined with his own exertions, he arose and shook himself from the strong grasp of the foul fiend, to whom he had been an unwilling slave, and declared himself once more a *man*. And he is again respected and beloved.

Is not such a consummation desirable, both by those who have departed from the true way, and those who continue therein? and is it not well worthy their combined efforts? We trust that this unjust principle of condemnation will yet be completely banished from our midst, and the spirit of charity reign triumphant in every heart; and it becomes us, one and all, to step forth and do our duty with unflinching perseverance; and if we have been remiss in the past, may we strive for the future to act conscientiously and in accordance with the gospel requirements of justice and mercy.

E. E. T.

EVIDENCE OF DESIGN IN NATURE.

THE great Creator, in the formation of this world, had a vast design in view; for, “in the beginning, the earth was without form and void; darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.” His Almighty Power called a world from naught. In the dark regions of chaos and old night, the voice of God was heard, saying, “Let there be light, and there was light,” “and all the morning stars sang together for joy.”

In every work His wisdom shines in unrivalled beauty. His name is written indelibly upon every particle of created matter: The sands of the seashore, the tall trees of the forest, the herbs of the field, and every tiny flower that blooms to waste its sweetness unheeded by the careless passer-by, speaks forth the all-wise providence and skill of the Divine Hand that wrought them.

Every blade of grass that springs up beneath our feet, wears the image of the handiwork of its Creator. The high mountains that rear their lofty peaks to the clouds, covered with perpetual snow, exciting the wonder and admiration of all who gaze upon them—the everlasting hills and sunny vales all wear the impress of their Maker's power. The mighty torrent that dashes down the mountain's side, and over fearful precipices, overturning all that impedes its progress; the noble river that winds its way over craggy rocks, forming beautiful cascades as it falls from rock to rock in noisy grandeur, inspiring the mind with the grand and sublime in Nature; thence winding its way over fertile plains and verdant vales till it reaches its ocean bed; the little rivulet that glides over its pebbly way, uniting its soft music with the whispering winds—all, all speak in silent accents, the harmonious design of the power that made them. Every living creature manifests the grand design of the great Creator. The fierce beasts of prey that roam the forests; and those of more gentle mode, that are domesticated for the use of man; and every fish that swims the oceans, seas, lakes and rivers; and every bird that flies in the air, and every little insect, share alike the protecting care of their common Creator.

The wonderful goodness and design of God is seen in the beautiful arrangement of the seasons. Lovely Spring appears with gentle aspect, arraying all nature in beauty—filling the hearts of all with joy and gladness. The husbandman prepares his ground and sows his seed, which in due time springs up and is watered by gentle showers and refreshing dews. The lovely plants put forth their leaves, bud and bloom to cheer the hearts of the children of men, and vie with each other in a beauty of texture, which it is vain and impossible for mortals to imitate. Summer succeeds with fleeting steps, and completes the scene which Spring began, and loads the trees and vines with luxuriant fruit to greet the tastes of man; and beautiful fields are waving with golden grain, just ready for the reaper's sickle; and all nature bows beneath her choice productions. Autumn, with its seared and yellow leaves, next enters our list, and is hailed with joy for its many blessings consequent upon prudence and industry. The golden harvest is gathered into overflowing barns and storehouses, for the benefit, with many other preparations, of old Winter, who comes on with his icy train in noble majesty, greeting all that impedes his way with chilling frost and bright mantles of pure white snow; and in his course imparting many pleasures in defiance of his dreary aspect. Each season, in its turn, has its peculiar cares and pleasures, and through all, the wisdom of God is displayed in perfection.

The beautiful harmony of the heavenly bodies, as they perform their various revolutions, is truly great. See with what precision each moves in its own orbit without intersecting that of another—thus to roll on till Time shall be no more, displaying the skill and design of God.

Nature rejoices in the presence of her Maker, declaring, in language too expressive to be misunderstood, that there is a God, and none but "the fool hath said in his heart, there is no God." Who, in the contemplation of Nature, can but wonder and admire? Who can be so ungrateful as to refuse to acknowledge the infinite power and majesty of the all-creating Hand?

In all the vicissitudes of human life is seen the great design of God in his mercy to mortals. In His infinite power He gives prosperity to many who pay no regard to His divine mandates; but we should not envy them their good things, for it is said in scripture, that "the rich man received his good things in this life, likewise Lazarus his evil things." It is also said, that "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich

man to enter the kingdom of Heaven." This should teach us not to set our hearts upon things here on earth, but to "lay up treasure in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

The poor and afflicted, who put their trust in God, are supremely blest, for they have a cordial for their fears here on earth, and hopes of a never-ending rest of peace and joy in Heaven; for God refineth His children in the furnace of affliction, thereby fitting them for their heavenly inheritance.

In all things we see the wonderful design in Nature, to show forth the glory and majesty of the great Creator, and to lead our hearts to Him who is able to save to the uttermost. In view of the works of Nature, we see that God made every thing to fulfil some vast design; and we are constrained to exclaim, with Cowper,

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will."

ANNALINE.

DEPARTED SUMMER FLOWERS.

It seems but yesterday, that we hailed thy approach, fair Summer! with thy sunny clouds and refreshing showers; and flowers bright and beautiful to please the eye of the beholder! But where art thou now? "Hark! hark!" a voice whispers, "gone, and numbered with the things that have passed away, are the few fleeting months of Summer, and with them have departed many dear friends, pleasing scenes, that can now only be remembered with sadness."

There was one bright scene—it was a bridal party—and all looked so happy and cheerful, that it seemed that Sorrow could never have the confidence to enter there. But alas! it came too soon; the bride, the loved, the cherished one, has laid down to rest with the Summer flowers.

And another, a young man that was fast twining the wreath of fame about his brow, when the stern admonisher pointed to the flowers, and told him that, with them, he must go. And his twin sister, a lovely girl, just blushing into womanhood—loving, and beloved by all that knew her, she too has faded, and gone; but the brightest flowers of Autumn are blooming above her grave.

And yet another, an aged man, of fourscore years and ten, how earnestly did he pray, when the cold winds howled by his door, that he might again refresh his eyes upon the fair flowers of Summer, for they had ever been his peculiar care. His prayer was answered, as the last rose withered, and the fragrant leaves were scattered to the passing breeze, the old man laid down resigned, and, like a child tired of its play, soon fell asleep; and let him rest sweetly there, for his labors have been hard enough to merit a quiet repose.

We might still go on, and tell of many more scenes bright and glowing, sad and melancholy—but enough; who can look upon the flowers as they bud, blossom, and wither, and not consider them emblems of passing men; childhood the bud, manhood the blossom, and old age the withered flower. Ere the fairest hopes have been nipped by the cold winds of Autumn, "whoso readeth, let him understand" the lessons of the Departed Summer Flowers.

REBECCA.

THE TASK OF DEATH.

PART FIRST.

Now the morning sun, on the old church tower,
Is throwing its crimson light ;
And a shadowy form, at that early hour,
Is roused from the slumbers of night.
He sitteth him down in the grave-yard dank,
'Neath the cypress, old and tall ;
Where the gloomy nightshade groweth rank,
And the weeds overtop the wall.

An aspect all ghastly and pale he wears,
But he hath neither pulse, nor breath ;
And the quiver of darts, that he ever bears,
Proclaims that his name is—DEATH.
Alone, seated there on the cold, damp-ground,
Amid the mementoes of wo,
How mournfully strange is the fearful sound
Of his muttering, wild and low.

“ 'T was a good day's work, and they 've dug the graves
For the victims of yesterday ;
How joyously now each dark yew waves,
As in glad sympathy.
We well may rejoice, for I have stilled
The wailings of woes and of fears ;
I have broken the cups that I found were filled
With misery's bitterest tears.

The first that I found on the yestermorn
Was an aged man, and lone ;
A wandering outcast—forsaken, forlorn,
And shelter, and food, having none.
Then I wrapped, with my shroud, his wasted frame,
As my merciful hand he blessed ;
And a gladsome smile o'er his features came
When I bade him lie down to his rest.

And next, a sadder sight was seen,
A girl who was weary of life ;
This world must ever look dark, I ween,
To the mother, who is not a wife.
Then, as all other friends forsook,
On me, in accents wild,
She called ; and, in my arms, I took
The mother, and the child.

I saw a matron, wan, and pale,
A vile inebriate's wife ;

She was too gentle, and too frail,
 For Fate's relentless strife ;
 I was about to pass her by,
 But she faintly whispered *Death* ;
 I met her mild imploring eye,
 And then—I took her breath.
 The drunkard looked, with a stricken heart,
 On the relics of his bride ;
 He screamed—then wildly snatched my dart,
 And they laid him by her side.

But I, for to-day, have another plan ;
 I will go where they wish me not,
 To the haunts of the proud, and prosperous man,
 Where '*The Terror King*' now is forgot.
 To them it shall be a horrible day,
 And the strong by fear be made weak ;
 In vain they 'll implore me to turn away,
 And obey me, at length, with a shriek."

PART SECOND.

The church gleamed forth, through the golden flood
 Of morn's increasing light ;
 And the glittering spire, above it stood,
 In a sheen of glory bright.
 Now, merrily out, from that old church tower,
 Rings the chime of the marriage bells ;
 Wo ! wo ! to the bride ! if the coming hour
 Her young heart with rapture swells.

She is standing there, midst her bridal maids,
 A merry, and "snow-white choir,"
 With the orange bloom in her shining braids,
 But quenched is her eye's bright fire.
 And ever it groweth more sadly wild
 As the bell more loudly peals ;
 And that face, which once was so soft and mild,
 An emotion strange reveals.

They have waited long for the wished-for smile ;
 They have checked each rising tear ;
 They have striven forebodings to beguile ;
 And have lulled each fancied fear.
 But see ! from that wild despairing eye,
 A joyous light brilliantly gleams ;
 As when, at eve, o'er the Arctic sky,
 Th' Aurora so transiently streams.

She hath caught a glimpse of the phantom dark,
 Who intrudes on the festive hour ;
 Yet little do those around her mark
 That Death 's in the bridal bower.

"For she sees a hand, they cannot see,
Which beckons her away;
She hears a voice, they cannot hear,
Which bids her not delay."

"O Death! O Death! I gladly will go,
For thee have I waited long;
And thy voice, which, to others, brings often but wo,
Is sweeter than marriage song.
They have never dreamed of the misery
I had hidden within this breast;
They have little thought there was agony
That could make thee a welcome guest.
And when, by others, bade to wed,
I felt my fate was sealed;
So faint was every power, and dead,
Naught could I do but yield.

Thou wonderest, Death! but bethink thee now
Of a fair and noble youth,
To whom I had breathed my earliest vow,
I had pledged my love, and truth.
Thou hast broken the bands we in secret had wove,
Thou hast snatched him rudely away;
But the vows which we made are recorded above,
And I'll wed with him to-day.
Yes, lay me quickly down by his side,
His own and unperjured one;
For I never could be a faithful bride,
But to thee, and him alone."

"I will go," said Death, "where there's been no past
The joys of the present to dim;
To the infant all sorrow but transiently lasts,
And life ever looks brilliant to him."

So he went where a child, in its innocent charms,
Was sporting in joyous play;
And he took the babe from his mother's arms,
To carry him far away.

"O Death! O Death! thou art foolish now;
That young boy knoweth not thee,
Thou hast laid thine hand on his fair white brow,
And it gently stilleth his glee.
Thy shadow is passing over his sight,
But he thinks it the twilight hour;
It darkens now, he believes it is night,
And still have thy terrors no power.
He scarcely starteth thy voice to hear,
Believing he's charmed to rest,
And calmly, as thou wert his mother dear,
He has laid him to sleep on thy breast."

"I will go," said Death, "where they 'll know me well,
Nor my voice be unconsciously heard ;
They shall shiver, and shrink, at my merciless spell;
And tremble with awe at my word."

Where a mother sat, midst her household band,
That Terror King must go.

"O stay, I pray thee, Death ! thine hand,
Deal not at her a blow.

Her cheek is blanched, but not with fear,
As she listens to thy command,
And without a sigh—without one tear,
She has taken thee now by the hand."

"O Death ! O Death ! I knew thou wouldst come,
That thus sudden thine entrance might be,
I never have looked on this earth as a home,

Or aught but a troubled sea—
And the city, to which life's frail bark sails,
Is Jerusalem the new ;

While we or with kind, or with adverse gales,
That haven should keep in view.

Thou, thou, O Death ! art the pilot kind
To guide the mariner home ;

Assisted by thee, my Savior I 'll find ;
Jesus ! to Thee I come.

Yet ere from the loved ones I pass away,
I would bid them a fond farewell ;

I would speak of the joys of a dying day
As too blissful for mortal to tell.

My husband, weep not ! for the love of years
May not pass with the fleeting breath ;

We have journeyed long through this vale of tears,
Nor divided can be by Death.

My children, weep not !—though the grave looks drear,
And fearfully dark to your view,

Yet to me 't is a portal, all bright and clear,
To a mansion created anew.

And from thence I will watch, if permitted it be,
O'er the ones I have cherished on earth ;

I will mingle unseen, and noiselessly,
With the band at my household hearth.

But if this may not be, there 's a watchful eye,
That never can slumber, or sleep ;

There 's a Friend, and Preserver, who 'll ever be nigh,
My orphan'd ones kindly to keep.

Now, Death ! I will willingly go with thee,
For thou canst not enchain me long ;

And to Him, who my sure Deliverer will be,
Shall be lifted the joyful song.

For I shall live in that terrible day
When the skies like a scroll have fled;
When the very earth shall have passed away,
And when even DEATH is *dead*."

"I will go," said Death, "where the Christian's hope,
And faith, have never been known;
And those, whom I call, through my valley must grope
Unguided, and alone."

Where a young man stood, in a gorgeous hall,
Death aimed his relentless blow;
He means that the joyous carnival
Shall be changed to scene of wo.
Must he leave that young and beautiful bride?
Must he leave that princely state?
Must he go, from this splendor and this pride,
On thee, dread King! to wait?
Must his eyes be sealed to the pageant proud,
They now are preparing for him?
Must his ears be closed to their plaudits loud?
The shout, and the choral hymn?

"O Death! O Death! thou'rt a welcome guest,
Though I deemed not that thou wast near,
But I willingly lay me down on thy breast,
And thy voice I rejoicingly hear.
Thou most kindly hast come to keep me from shame,
From contempt, where they'd gladly deride;
Thou alone canst preserve my newly won fame,
And the love of my innocent bride.

Thou knowest not, Death! of the fearful past
Thy victim had long been concealing;
That at hand was the day for stern justice, at least,
And that were too dark for revealing.
It was *life*, and not *death*, which would bring a dread,
To him, who, in youth's thoughtless prime,
By the arts of the wicked was recklessly led
To folly, ah yes, and to—*crime*.

The crime was concealed, but the envious now
Are madly displacing the shroud;
Their efforts will cease, when they learn, Death, that thou
The lofty one suddenly bowed.
Now my wife shall ne'er know that a felon's lot
She shared so unconsciously here;
And the wreath which, with life, from my temples had dropped,
Will be evergreen over my bier."

"I will go," said Death, "where crime and despair
Have never as yet caused a groan;

To seclusion, so peaceful and happy, that there
 Nor shame, nor remorse can be known."

To a strange old turret the tyrant* went,
 Where, afar from the world's rude din,
 The life of a student was happily spent
 By the wise old man within.
 And calmly up the philosopher stood,
 And welcomed the spectre grim;
 He was ne'er to be brought to a trembling mood,
 Even Death could not terrify him.

"O Death! O Death! thy form I can tell,
 Though I never have seen thee before;
 But, in books, I have studied thee long and well,
 And I wish for their teachings no more.
 I have tired of all they call wisdom on earth,
 I have found it but vanity;
 To but vain desires can it ever give birth,
 And from these I would gladly be free.

I have entered the temple of Science to find
 But its outer court open to me;
 For it ne'er is permitted a mortal mind
 To fathom her mystery.
 Yes, knowledge, to me, has been like a cave
 In which I must enter alone;
 In the light, which my flambeau so fitfully gave,
 Its spars, and stalactites shone—

There was beauty there, but it transiently gleamed,
 There was splendor, contrasted with gloom,
 When I grasped at the gem which most brilliantly gleamed,
 Its light would then cease to illumine.
 I have striven to thread its devious ways,
 But 't was labor spent vainly by me,
 They have never proved aught but a labyrinth maze,
 My reward but perplexity.

I found myself mocked, when some inner retreat
 I thought my hard labors had crowned,
 With beauty undimmed, and with riches replete,
 'T was beyond an impassable bound,
 Life now is, to me, but a wearisome coil,
 Its fetters a festering chain,
 Its labors are each but a thankless toil,
 Its pleasures are empty and vain.

I have stood, like a boy, on the wave-beaten shore
 Of a broad and boundless sea;†

* *Tyrant*—this word is here used in its almost obsolete signification, as one possessing unlimited power, but not necessarily implying abuse of it.

† "I seem, to myself, like a boy picking up pebbles upon the shore, while the vast ocean of knowledge lies undiscovered before me."—*Sir Isaac Newton*.

There were treasures untold in the vast depths before,
 But the stones on the strand were for me.
 I would fain overleap those barrier waves,
 And descend to the regions below ;
 Of its coralline groves, and gem-brightened caves,
 Of its beauty, and wealth, would I know.

Yes, Death, I will go—for I've heard them speak
 Of a world that is better than this ;
 The faith they believed, I derided as weak,
 To know it were true would be bliss.
 I gladly would drink at the fountain where
 The taster shall thirst ne'er again ;
 Can the soul's deep yearnings be satisfied there ?
 O Death, have they hoped it in vain ?
 But the question, pondered most long and deep,
 Shall be solved over the breathless clay,
 If we lie down to an endless sleep,
 Or wake to eternal day."

PART THIRD.

Now the evening sun, on the old church tower,
 Is throwing a halo bright ;
 And its slender spire, in that radiant hour,
 Stands up like a spear of light,
 While out from the tower the clear solemn sounds
 Of the vesper bell pealeth aloud,
 A dark form flits o'er the new-made mounds,
 Like the shade of a passing cloud.

He sitteth him down in the grave-yard dank,
 'Neath the cypress old and tall ;
 Where the gloomy nightshade groweth rank,
 And the weeds overtop the wall.
 While seated there, on the cold damp ground,
 He muttereth deep, and low ;
 That strange wild voice breathes a fearful sound,
 Like the wail when the night breezes blow.

"My day's work is done, and they've dug the graves
 For those I have taken to-day ;
 And the dark-leaved yew now mournfully waves
 O'er the buried of yesterday.
 A matron I took, both now, and then,
 A damsel I took, and a child ;
 There were young men taken, and each called when
 Life's midday sun had just smiled.
 There were old men too—but the task was in vain.
 I allotted myself for this day ;
 My terrors were treated by all with disdain,
 And they gladly went with me away."

There 's a Power above which the mind can bring
 To receive me joyfully ;
 As it pleaseth Him can I have a sting,
 Or the grave a victory.
 I'll accomplish the task He 's assigned to me,
 For the work is not chosen, but given,
 And, henceforth, will the faithful messenger be
 Of the HOLY ONE of Heaven."

H. F.

SOMETHING NEW.

ALTHOUGH our minds are constantly dwelling upon the changes of human life, and though, upon the wings of each passing hour, is borne the truth that all things are changing, fleeting, and passing away, still it would seem from the avidity with which we listen to the tale of *something new*, and the interest manifested at the relation of any unusual circumstance that has transpired, as though the aspect of our everyday life was seldom marked by change. To the young, those who have just commenced acting their parts in the great drama of human life, there is a powerful charm in novelty ; but in proportion as age comes on, and the mind loses its zest for what once afforded its highest enjoyment, and the sober realities of life appear before us, no longer glowing with the bright coloring of youthful fancy, we too often reject every thing novel in its character, clinging tenaciously only to those opinions, the truth of which we have tested by actual experience.

The world would advance but slowly in knowledge, were it not for this principle, which seems to have been implanted in the human mind, a desire to seek out, and bring to light, new truths ; to make some discovery which shall add to the comfort and happiness of mankind. The mind of man was made for action—strong, vigorous, and resolute action ; and should he follow on, year after year, in the same beaten track that his fathers have trodden before him, diverging neither to the right hand nor to the left, he would not fulfil the end designed by the great Originator of mind. But I did not intend, when I commenced this article, to write a homily upon the mind, or the capabilities thereof.

When I seated myself at my table to write a communication for the "Lowell Offering and Magazine," the first question which proposed itself was, "Upon what subject shall it be?" I must, I thought, write "*something new*," for in these days of literature, when so many bright gems of intellect, and thought, are flashing upon the world, an article of inferior value without some novelty would scarcely be noticed. And there is nothing which will sooner damp the energies of a young aspirant for literary fame, than to have her first productions slighted. My subject then, was the first thing to be decided upon. There were "the beauties of nature," the pleasures of home, hope, memory, the stars, the ocean, the birds and flowers ; these, and various others, came up in array before me, but they had all been so often, and so amply descanted upon, that it seemed presumptuous in me to think of offering any thing upon any of them. I could think of no subject, which I had not, at one time or another, seen written upon, and I was obliged to come to the conclusion to write, as I was moved by the spirit within, and leave new ideas for wiser heads to advance, and for the favorites of Genius to present you with "*something new*."

CLARA.

STORIES FROM THE LINN-SIDE. No. II.

THE FIRST GRIEF.

THE beauty of a North American sunset was streaming through the thickly wreathed flower-vines, that shaded the open windows of an apartment in a cottage, in the suburbs of one of our large cities; the room was richly and tastefully furnished, rare exotics filled the vases, and loaded the air with fragrance; a harp of curious workmanship, and polished gilding, occupied a part of the room, over which hung a guitar, with its ribbons fluttering to the passing breeze. Specimens of statuary from the most celebrated sculptors, were arranged in every niche, and the glowing paintings of an Italian artist, ornamented the walls; the floor was covered with a carpet from the Persian loom, and the bright flowers would well vie with those that bloomed amid the trellis-work around the cottage. The sofa was carved rose-wood, covered with cut velvet, and the chairs were of the same materials, the tables were of white polished marble; that in the centre was strewn with richly bound books, and many were clasped with gold; fine engravings, and the latest music helped to make up a variety that would please the most fastidious taste.

In a stuffed arm chair, with a tiny foot encased in a wrought slipper, resting on an embroidered cricket, sat a young mother, watching the quiet slumbers of her child, the heavy window drapery was looped back, and the slight wind, as it passed to and fro, raised the light auburn curls, that shaded the brow of that fair babe, as it rested in its innocence on the lap of its mother, and the mother, O she was a lovely creature! Would I could describe her to you, as she sat there in her madonna-like beauty, and all around tinged with the last rays of the setting sun. But I forbear, for it would require the pen of one more gifted, to do her justice. She was very happy; sorrow had never crossed her pathway. Nursed in the lap of luxury, her every wish had been bountifully supplied; she had been united to the man of her choice, and, with her hand, she gave him the richest boon a woman can bestow—a pure, and affectionate heart. Hour after hour would she listen to the playful prattle of her little Adelia, or sit with her in her arms, while sleeping, as I have faintly described her. And many were the plans she formed, in her day-dreams, for the future education of her child; and many were her fears that her affection might lead her to indulge faults that should be severely reprimanded, for it is difficult to frown upon those we love. It had never crossed her mind, that her child could die, or that the kingdom of heaven was composed of beautiful innocent flowers, like the one that rested on her bosom. * * * * *

In the room I have before described, there was a change; the bright sunlight no longer streamed through the windows, for the blinds were closed and craped, and an awful stillness seemed to sadden all around. The superfluous ornaments were removed from the apartment; the centre table was no longer loaded with books and music, but upon it was placed a coffin of ebony, in which reposed the tiny form of the fair Adelia; her hands were folded across her breast, and were filled with flowers, fit emblems of one so pure, for surely sin had never rested there. It was a beautiful casket, but the jewel had been taken to shine in the diadem of Him, whose name is

Love. And the mother too, she was there, but so pale, so sad, so full of grief that you would scarcely recognize her. She stood gazing on all that remained of her cherished child, and, like Rachel of old, "refused to be comforted."

And yet who could ask a mother to dry her tears, when there is such a touching sweetness in them, as they fall upon the face of her babe, ere it is borne to its last resting place! It is a scene that none can look upon without imbibing its influence. It is here that woman displays the strength of her attachment, which man can never realize in all its fulness. It is perennial, dependent on no climate, no changes; but, alike in storm or sunshine, it knows no shadow of turning. How insignificant, how valueless then to that young mother, appeared the pomp and splendors of the vain world! She wished for none of the displays of wealth; all that she asked was, that her child might be laid quietly in a retired spot, where she could visit its grave, and, in silence, enjoy the luxury of weeping unseen, save by HIM who sees all things, and knoweth the secrets of all hearts. * * *

Again there was a change—the windows were thrown open, and all looked bright and cheerful in the apartment which I have before described. A large family Bible had taken the place of the coffin, on that highly polished table, and there sat the mother, carefully perusing the pages, that had, for so many years, been laid aside for a fashionable annual, or some other work of as trivial worth: there was a calmness resting on that beautiful face which told that religion, the one thing needful, had been added to a heart full of love and affection. She was reading from the life of Christ, where He says: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." She had just returned from the grave of her little Adelia, (for she still loved to call her by that name,) over which she had planted the honeysuckle and willow. It was within an enclosure, and truly it was hallowed ground—the foot of profanity dared not encroach upon its quiet repose. But she no longer grieved that God in his wise Providence, had bereaved her, for sensitively did she feel that if Adelia had lived, an idol would have been raised to the exclusion of her God, and of that holy religion that had so soothed her aching heart, and calmed her sorrow; and which had taught her to look upon the beautiful things in nature, with such a different feeling. Now all was fair, for all was the work of God. And the few short years that had passed had brought to her mind a lesson that, at one time, she thought she could never learn, but now it was easy; it was contained in these words: "O LORD, THY will, not *mine*, be done."

"Thou that canst gaze upon thine own fair boy,
And hear his prayer's low murmur at thy knee,
And o'er his slumbers bend in breathless joy,
Come to this tomb! it hath a voice for thee!
Pray—thou art blest—ask strength for sorrow's hour,
Love, deep as thine, lays here its broken flower.

Thou that art gathering from the smiles of youth,
Thy thousand hopes, rejoicing to behold,
All the heart's depths before thee bright with truth,
All the mind's treasures, silently unfold;
Look on this tomb!—for thee, too, speaks the grave,
Where God hath seal'd the fount of hope he gave."

IONE.

WHAT IS BEAUTIFUL?

'T is beautiful—to see
The hills, and hedges green,
With flowerets peering on the lea,
To decorate the scene.

'T is beautiful—to see
The fragrant summer rose,
Beneath the smiling canopy,
Her radiant charms disclose.

'T is beautiful—to see
The youthful mind explore
The field of science, wide and free,
For learning's priceless store.

More beautifully bright—
To see the blooming youth
Turn from the shade of Error's night,
And seek undying Truth.

No sight so near divine
Can we, on earth, behold, [shrine,
As man, that turns from Mammon's
To seek the spirit's gold.

O, bliss without alloy
To know our sins forgiven;
'T is this that fits us to enjoy
The beautiful in Heaven. M. R. G.

COUSIN JUDITH'S VISIT TO BOSTON.

"O, Cousin Judith! how glad I am you have come home again," said Lucy Arnold, as she rushed into her cousin's room, a few moments after she returned from Boston, where she had been spending a few weeks, visiting her friends. "But you look weary and tired; however, I am so glad to see you, that I cannot wait for you to rest, for we have been very lonely without you; and little Martha has taken such good care of your flowers, that she is sure you have brought her a great wax doll; she has watered them every day, and the slip of geranium you planted a few days before you went away, she has pulled up twice a day, to see if it had taken root; and she wonders why it does not grow as well as when you took care of it. Your little canaries she has fed till they are both sick; and she has done so many more kind things for you, that she feels confident you will reward her with a handsome present.

And then there is Mr. Stiffy—excuse me for calling names, but then, he is so stiff—I am sure he has worn out one pair of Wellingtons, in coming to inquire if Miss Judith had not returned yet? And then he would go away muttering, 'Very injudicious to let a young girl spend so much time in Boston;' and he presumed that you were attending the theatre, and flirting with the beaux, and doing many more such things, that he considered very unbecoming in a young lady, and one that was engaged too. But for all his whims and odd notions, I do love him a little, just for your sake, Cousin Judith; and then he brings me all the new books to read, as soon as they are issued from the press, for which I am very much obliged to him; and, by the way, he has left something for you since you have been absent: see, here it is," throwing open the drawing-room doors, and presenting to view a beautiful harp—one that Judith had been long wishing for; "and," she continued, while a clear ringing laugh filled the room, "after all, Stiffy has a taste for beauty and music, I can plainly see as the blind man said, or he would not have selected my pretty cousin for a companion, and a harp, piano,

and lute, for her to amuse him, when he returns from looking over the arrivals, and the rise and fall of stocks. But now, I will have done with my nonsense, if you will tell me something about your visit."

"O, that I will do with pleasure," said Judith; "and Stiffy, as you call him, need not have been under any apprehension. My engagement was very generally known, which, of course, prevented my receiving very particular attention from any one. Soon after my arrival, I met with two young gentlemen, whom I had formerly seen in B. They were very pleasant, wellbred young men, and kindly offered their services to show my friend and myself the lions of the city and its environs; and, I can assure you, we were very highly gratified, and long shall we remember those kind friends who contributed so much to our enjoyment. I will give you a slight sketch of the places we saw. We first visited Fresh Pond, and Mount Auburn, that 'city of silence,' that 'garden of graves,' that 'valley of peace.' In returning thence, I chanced to be seated by a foreign gentleman, and a traveller; he was very social, and in the course of conversation, he told me that he had visited all the European cities, but had rarely found more to excite his admiration than in our comparatively youthful city of Boston, and its environs; and that few spots could compare in natural beauty, with our lovely Mount Auburn.

In the evening, we attended Miss H. F. Gould's *Complimentary Concert*, and there, for the first time, I heard the celebrated Mr. Dempster. I was in raptures with his music; and that night, my dreams were, 'I'm blind, O I'm blind,' and many other songs that he sang, with a pathos that went to the heart. The next morning, at the breakfast table, I was told he was a married man: the charm—not of his singing, but of one of my dreams—was dispelled.

Then, we visited the incipient city 'East Boston,' with its public gardens and splendid Maverick House; and so on to Chelsea, with its hills and fine springs; Charlestown, with its Prison and Convent ruins; and the classic grounds of Cambridge, and its unique church; Salem, with its *antiquities*; Jamaica Plain, with its rural beauty, reminding one of Johnson's *Rasselas*, also attracted our attention. And then we attended an exhibition of the blind at Mount Washington House, South Boston. The Bunker Hill Monument we visited, and the Navy Yard; and there we went on board a large ship-of-war, lying in the dock, that mounted seventy-four guns; and the Museum was not forgotten—and there I saw many beautiful paintings, and much fine statuary, that will require a long time to describe particularly to you; and we saw at night a fire, which was truly splendid—the burning of some oil stores; but I did not attend the theatre, neither did I flirt with the beaux, so my friends need feel no anxiety in that respect. And last, but not least, we saw the Election Day festival, and the Governor, 'Honest John Davis,' and highly was my young friend pleased with his appearance. She had never been in the city "of notions" before, and every thing to her was new—even the *old* State House; and the statue of Washington, by Canova, drew as much praise from her as ever was bestowed upon the same form, sculptured by Greenough, and placed in the rotunda at the Capitol. She has a very correct eye, and will often discover beauties where I should not think of looking for them. The young gentlemen I have before mentioned, left nothing undone, which could contribute to our enjoyment; and I would that I could fully express my thanks to them for their polite attentions."

"O look, Cousin Judith," said Lucy; "here comes the Wellington boots, and the gold-headed cane." * * *

ISABELLA.

EDITORIAL.

HISTORY OF THE LOWELL OFFERING. The question has been frequently asked of us, "What first suggested the idea of the Lowell Offering?" "Who did it?" "How came you to think of it?" These questions have been answered in former numbers of the Offering; but as all of our present readers have not seen those answers, and as they were never very minute in their details, we will endeavor to satisfy our friends by communicating our personal knowledge of this affair.

If we remember correctly, it is now nearly three years since the Pastor of the Second Universalist Society in this city established, what he called, an Improvement Circle. The regulations were as follows: Meetings were to be held every alternate week in the vestry of his church—a box was provided in which communications might be dropped unperceived—if names were appended, they were to be withheld at the wish of the writer, or the discretion of the reader, who was invariably the projector, or founder of the Circle. If the articles were anonymous, it was no objection against their forming part of the entertainment for the evening.

Your Editress, ladies, was invited to join this Circle. She was not then acquainted with a single individual in the society in which it was formed. Although she had resided several years in this city, her personal acquaintances were few in number. The young lady, by whose invitation, and with whom she attended the Circle, was but a new friend. She did not write at first, nor indeed until she had ascertained that individuals of all denominations were welcome to join it. These meetings were at first very fully attended, but as the novelty passed away, the number of attendants decreased, though the number and value of the contributions were gradually increasing.

The articles were at first such as are usually heard in Academies, on "composition afternoon." The themes were Hope, Friendship, Happiness, Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, Morning Meditations, and Evening Reflections, &c., &c.

We have casually heard that the leader of the Circle himself wrote some of the articles signed Julia, Helen, Emma, Maria, &c.; which had the desired effect of setting the real Julias, Helens, Emmas, Marias, &c., to thinking what they might do.

The gentlemen were at liberty to contribute to the Circle, but they were of no great assistance. Those who were not engaged in the Mills were also contributors, but it was soon found that the principal interest of the meetings depended upon "the factory girls." Some of the articles were thought worthy of publication, and something was said about sending them to some newspaper. Indeed, some Editors requested the favor of publishing them, but they were still retained. We do not know when the idea, of collecting them together, first suggested itself to the leader of the Circle. At all events, it was not until after the contributions became more varied in their character. At the commencement of the Circle, they were all of a serious cast. We were the first to write an article which might create a smile; but after people found that they might laugh in the Circle, they had a great desire to be kept in such employment. There were, at length, so many articles of a promiscuous character, that it was thought they might form a pleasing variety in a *little book*. This was the first idea—a little bound volume, comprising a selection of the best articles from the two Improvement Circles, connected with the Universalist Societies in this city; for one had been formed, or revived, in the First Society, after that in the Second was in "successful operation."

The little book was talked about in whispers, and kept a profound secret among a great many of us; and to tell the truth now, we mean *all* the truth, we did not really believe it would ever come into being. We did not believe our articles would do to print—that they were good enough to be put in a book. But there was *one* who thought otherwise, and who began to fear that a book would not be just the thing, after all. Articles were written monthly, or semi-monthly, by those who were constantly improving, and after a book was once published, it would remain as a specimen of what "factory girls had power to do."

Then a periodical was spoken of, and it was even suggested, that *we* should edit it. "*We—the editor*"—the idea was very awful—*we* "should as soon have thought of building a meeting-house." We shrank so sensitively from the proposal that it was not urged, and the projector of the work became its Editor. We had, however, the pleasure of contributing a large mite, and of deciding upon its name.

We shall never forget our throb of pleasure when first we saw **THE LOWELL OFFERING** in a tangible form, with its bright yellow cover; nor our flutterings of delight

as we perused its pages. True—we had seen, or heard the articles before; but they seemed so much better in print. They appeared, to us, as good as any body's writings. They sounded as if written by people who never worked at all. The din and clatter of the Mill had not confused the brains of the writers, and no cotton fuzz had obscured the brightness of their ideas. The Offering was well received by the public, or, at least, it would have been, if people had not been so confused, and perplexed, and mystified, and unbelieving.

The first number was an experiment, and a successful one—the second, third, and fourth, appeared at irregular intervals, and then it was thought best that it should be permanently established. Hitherto it had been sold singly, or given away, and there had been no subscription list. With the fifth number commenced a new series, different in form, and materially improved in outward appearance. We had engravings, and music, and something was said about stated compensations to the regular contributors. But it seemed very wicked to us—some of us—to receive money for the little articles written for the Improvement Circle. This difficulty was overruled after a while, with most of the writers.

About the time that the new series of the Offering appeared, the Operatives' Magazine was also established. This differed from the Offering, by receiving communications from both sexes, and from those females who had left the Mills, with the contributions of factory girls. After a time, however, the gentlemen's articles were discarded, and the Magazine passed entirely into the hands of the young ladies—they owned, edited, and published it.

At the close of the second volume of the Offering, the Editor, being about to leave the city, sold it to the printer of the Magazine, stipulating that its character, as a non-sectarian work, and a repository of articles, entirely written by females actively employed in the Mills, should be faithfully preserved. The Magazine was also purchased from the ladies, and both works united in one by the new proprietor. We were requested to edit it—notwithstanding some strong objections, we at length consented. Our reasons were, that we thought it would be for the advantage of the girls that it should be edited by one of their own number, and though perfectly aware of our own deficiencies, we thought we could do as well, or better, than any one else. We wish the Offering to subserve the interests of the factory girls—we have toiled with them—we have endured privations with them, and our sympathies are entirely with them. We would raise them, as a class, in the estimation of the community, by increasing their self-respect. We shall deal with them faithfully, and perhaps sometimes severely, but we trust always affectionately.

Factory girls have their faults, as well as their virtues. The latter we shall point out to the community, the former to themselves. We should like to influence them as moral and rational beings—to point out their duties to themselves, and to each other. Our field is a wide one, though many subjects are excluded. With wages, board, &c., we have nothing to do—these depend upon circumstances over which we can have no control. One thing we must observe, and it is that, in our opinion, it is much easier to instil a feeling of self-respect, of desire for excellence, among a well-paid, than an ill-paid, class of operatives. There is a feeling of independence, a desire to form and retain a good character, a wish to do something for others, to maintain their individuality, and to be of some service in the world, which is necessarily connected with even "the root of all evil," and the parent of much good.

We have said that we are to be non-sectarian, but we may be religious withal. Our subscribers and contributions are now of all denominations, and of all characters. THE OFFERING is, perhaps, read by more different classes of individuals, than any other publication. But it is written, not only *by*, but *for*, the factory girls; and we wish to have contributions from the witty and the wise, the serious and the sprightly. We would blend the useful with the pleasing; the virtues of *Aunt Letty* with the vivacity of *Kate*. We would do this from principle—we wish to make our little magazine attractive—to gain, as readers, those who would shrink from a periodical devoted merely to the *useful*. This should have, and shall have, its place; but we wish to reach those who have been accustomed to find their only amusement in silly books, and scurrilous papers. The young crave amusement—the laborious need and deserve it. We are willing and desirous to contribute to innocent pleasure, and if we are ever injurious, it will be because we have been mistaken in our method of doing good.

H. F.

THE LOWELL OFFERING

AND MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1842.

THE YOUNG WIFE.

"My dear," said a young husband to his wife, "you will keep the hat that Miss Pensbram sent for your inspection this morning? I think it very becoming."

"But what do I want of it?" replied the wife; "I seldom go out, except to my morning rides, and I have had two new bonnets already, for this season. You surely," she added, with a faint smile, "do not wish me to become a milliner's walking advertisement?"

"I am happy," rejoined the husband, "to have you adopt any new mode or fashion that reminds me of the sweet face I was wont to know; and I think this hat makes you look more like yourself than any one I have seen."

"Why, Charles!" interrupted the lady, "you will make me think that you regret the loss of my beauty, even more than the loss of my health."

The husband did not reply; but, taking up his hat, turned to leave the room. "You will keep the bonnet, will you not?" he asked, as he closed the door without waiting for a reply.

The wife rose from the couch, on which she was reclining, and walked to a mirror, where she stood in abstracted thoughtfulness, scanning her own pallid features.

We need not inquire the cause of the lady's ill health. With our American females, and their *in-door* lives, there are causes enough to banish the bloom from their cheeks. The great care, both of themselves and their friends, seems to be, that the free air of heaven "visit not their cheeks too roughly."

This error has awakened the attention of the philosopher and philanthropist; and now we are wont to see our young ladies seeking air and exercise in morning walks, and our delicate married ladies endeavoring to obtain the same benefit in morning rides in covered and *air-tight* carriages. The east wind blows, or the air is damp, and both are pronounced alike injurious. It may be that it is so—we will not dispute the medical faculty—but are not those who dare the ills of both the most healthy?

"But those who can do so, are not so delicate," interrupts the carefully-cared-for.

True; but they might have been, had as much pains been taken to spoil their health, and impair their constitutions.

And then, the "walks" of our young ladies. With mincing, slow, and genteel gait—perchance watched by the careful eyes of a governess, that they do nothing that may commute their genteel breeding. An elastic bound of health and joy, would be a vulgarity not to be pardoned. Not a step is taken that could displace a single fold of their attire; and a snail might blush to find himself so rivalled. They might take air, did not their thick veils prevent it from touching their faces. But to call their pace "*exercise*"—it may be the exercise of the prim rules of gentility, but it hath nothing to do with that labor which invigorates the system. Verily, it seemeth to me, that my countrywomen are the victims, and sacrifices, offered upon the altar of false gentility.

Isabella Ransom, the young wife of Charles Britton, was a victim to some of these manifold causes of ill health. With her, it had not, as yet, assumed the "hectic flush," which embellishes while it destroys; but the bloom of her cheek had withered, and the purity of her complexion had been destroyed in the first stages.

Before she became an invalid, when health and life coursed through her veins merrily, to the accompaniment of her own joyous feelings, she had become the betrothed of her husband. His love had not been won entirely by her beauty; but it is certain that without it she never would have engaged the passing fancy of Charles Britton, which afterwards ripened into loyal love, and devoted admiration. And the lady's remark, that he "regretted the loss of her beauty, more than that of her health," had more of truth than he would have acknowledged, even to his own heart.

Charles Britton was generous, warm-hearted, and honorable; and when he saw the beauty of his heart's idol fading before the confirmed power of ill health, not a thought entered his mind of breaking the engagements which bound him to her. But still, there was a twinge of regret, when he stood with his bride beside him, pale and sallow as a "wied crone" of the chimney's smoke. In his choice, he had not been actuated merely by the desire to possess a pretty doll, for his own amusement, and the envy and admiration of the public. He valued the truth and purity of Isabella's character; he loved her confiding trustfulness; and, more than all, he appreciated the devoted affection which she bore towards him.

He was not insensible of the value of the gem of moral and mental worth of his wife's character; but he asked also, that the casket might be as brilliant as the jewel it contained.

It were impossible fully to analyze his feelings. He would have shrank from it himself. They were not positively wrong; and the line of demarcation was perhaps, as far from strict right and justice. The trust, love, and confidence of married life, are matters of too sacred delicacy to be smelted in the crucible of philosophical analyzation. Thoughts that have no shape—desires that cannot be clothed in words, may enter the imagination, and, like a breath upon the mirror's surface, tarnish the clearness of wedded happiness; and yet, no wrong intended—no sentiment of injustice have an *abiding* place in the heart.

The young wife stood long before that mirror, and with bitter pain scanned each lineament of her faded form and features. At first, she did not weep. Her feelings were too painful, too much of dark despair and misery, to allow of the relief of tears. To feel the warm current of her blood curdle at her heart's core—to feel the agonizing conviction that her own beloved husband's affections depended upon the color of her cheek, and the contour of her form, it was not anger, not accusations of injustice, that rose in her breast, but deep, deep, bitter grief.

She felt that the tie which had bound him to her was not love, but duty, or what the world calls honor; that the profusion, which had been bestowed upon her, had not been the offerings of affection, but decorations to make the unsightly endurable.

"I should have thought this," murmured she, as she turned from the glass; "I knew his ardent admiration of the bright and beautiful; I knew that in every thing he worshipped it. Fatal, fatal mistake, that I have made." And she flung herself again on the couch, in a paroxysm of tears. This burst of passion relieved her; and then she more calmly reviewed the matter. She might have mistaken her husband's import; his manner was not unkind, but—but— And it is ever upon that "*but*" and "*if*" that hangs the misery of doubt and suspicion. And, perchance, although there was something of truth in her suspicions, with *her* the whole matter rested upon the simple fact, that her husband had not expressed in sufficiently ambiguous terms his wishes, for the *nerves* of a delicate invalid.

I know not why, but husbands, after they have been married a year, and sometimes, half of that time, forget that during the process of winning, one half of their language has been hyperbole; and that it will take time to use their beloved ones to plain, unsophisticated truth. To this simple fact, one half of the domestic discords and disunions owe their origin. I will not here enter into a discussion of the merit of winning and wooing with sober, dispassionate truth. I suspect that love would be divested of more of its fascinations and charms than would be wise to dispense with, were all deceptions banished from both parties, and an unvarnished tale of common-sense substituted in their place. The theories of some modern philosophers upon this subject, will not, I think, meet with much sympathy in practice, especially from my readers, however all may admit their truth in the abstract. There is too much enjoyment in this mutual deception, even if it brings unhappiness in its train, to be lightly, or easily abandoned. Mankind may change their religion, or their political institutions, but the old-fashioned way of wooing has stood a long test of its practical utility, and will not be easily supplanted by modern inventions.

Bless me! to think of seeking and selecting a wife with the same cool, dispassionate scrutiny that you would buy a horse! First examine the soundness, the fitness, and ascertain whether the lady has been well trained and broken to the bit and rein; and then see whether a fair mutual bargain of concessions can be made. Why, the very preliminaries would frighten the little blind god from the affair, even if the ladies would consent to the innovation of being treated as less than angels before marriage. And, by the way, we remember of a philosopher who has said, that "one fact is better than a dozen theories"—and we have in our mind's eye at this moment, the result of one of these philosophical unions. The gentleman is all honor, all truth and sincerity. The lady possesses every virtue that the husband asked, or anticipated. Nothing mars the peace and kindness for which they bargained; and nothing is wanting to make their lot truly enviable, save that Cupid had nothing to do with their courtship; and the boy has been in a pet ever since, for the insult upon his powers, and will have nothing to do with their wedded life. But this digression hath but little to do with the sorrow of the young wife.

Isabella was not one to reproach her husband, even if she had felt any bitterness towards him, which, assuredly, she did not. She felt grieved, but not angered; and now that "they twain were one flesh," she knew that her part was *silent* endurance. Before her husband returned, she was calm, and

almost cheerful. Not a trace of the bitter grief, which lay quivering in her heart, appeared upon her countenance. Her resolution was fixed; and a few hours of suffering had aroused the latent energies of her nature.

After the evening meal had passed, Isabella left the room for a few moments; and when she returned, was equipped for a walk.

"Where are you going?" asked Charles, as he rose for his hat.

"No, no; do n't get your hat," interrupted Isabella; "I am only going to see Aunt Hepsy, and can well dispense with your company."

"But did not Doctor Allen say that you must avoid the evening air?" asked the husband, as he resumed his seat.

"Something like that," she replied; "but I have not seen Aunt Hepsy for a long time, and she may want something."

"Send Margaret to see, and do not go to-night."

"I had rather see for myself." And so saying, she left the room.

Charles resumed his paper; and as Isabella had not returned when he finished it, he took his hat, and sauntered to Esq. Davis's office, and getting engaged in a political discussion, it was long past the usual hour of retiring, when he returned home.

Isabella was asleep, or at least feigned it; and thus passed their first separate evening since their marriage.

"Do you ride to-day?" inquired Charles, as he rose from the breakfast table the next morning.

"No," replied Isabella; "I promised Aunt Hepsy to call there again this morning; and when I return, I will call upon Mrs. Converse. I have not called there these three months. I admire Mrs. Converse as much at home as I do Mr. Converse in the pulpit."

"Well, my compliments to Mrs. Converse. Shall I call, to return with you?—you may be fatigued."

"No; it will be unnecessary."

And thus several months passed. Isabella was almost ever engaged where her husband's attendance would be unnecessary; or, if too ill to go out, confined herself to her own room. There was not much improvement in her health. Care, anxiety, or sorrow, silently brooded over, are not the best specifics for an invalid. The new bonnet had not been worn, save a few times to church.

To church! that theatre in America for fashion! Yet libel, or heresy, as some may deem it, custom has rendered fashionable attire a necessary adjunct to public worship. Piety and devotion may mingle there too; but, from the pulpit to the door, it is so laden by display that you may not single out the worshipper from the exhibiter.

Charles both felt and noticed that his wife was not with him often; that of all his friends, she was the stranger. But it all appeared so natural: there was no appearance of avoidance, no opportunity for inquiry, nor any thing to base such an inquiry upon. She was kind, ready and sympathizing towards him, and his cares; but of herself there was no communication, no complaint; and the visits of her physician, she had vetoed entirely as professional.

What was it? He dare not accuse her of caprice: her quiet, calm dignity forbade the imputation. Not an act, or word, betrayed less love, less kindly regard; but he was impatient and restless, whether with her or absent; and he plunged more actively into his pursuits to save thought.

And Isabella? The grief which nestled in the depths of her heart, was known to none, save her God. To Him she petitioned for that grace which

alone can sustain the sorrowing. To HIM she learned to bow in meekness, trusting that what seemed good in HIS sight, was sent in love and mercy.

It was Autumn, and a rash exposure in a cold storm, brought a prostrating fever upon Charles Britton. Again was Isabella his unwearied companion and nurse. She knew not fatigue, nor felt the delicacy of her own health. She only remembered that his life was in danger, that he was her own beloved husband, and that in a sick chamber, love and kindness are of more worth than the most dazzling beauty ever bestowed upon mortal.

It was night, and the crisis of the fever approached. Wildly, in his delirium, the sick man tossed and raved. At his bed-side, outwardly calm, stood the young wife, soothing the phrensy of his brain, and administering every prescription of the physician. Doctor Allen watched the crisis of his patient with her, and as, towards the morning, the sick man sunk into a slumber, he insisted that she should retire.

"This sleep," said he, "is natural; and I am sure that Mr. Britton will awaken with every favorable symptom. Seek rest now. I should have insisted upon it before, but I felt that your anxiety would hardly admit of it. But feel perfectly assured of a happy issue of the fever. Nay; you must go," he added, as she hesitated to comply, "your duty to your husband, as well as yourself, demands it." And putting a lamp into her hand, he gently led her to the door, and closed it.

The sun had risen before the sick man awoke from his refreshing slumbers. He looked around his chamber with a conscious glance, and, as his eye rested upon the doctor, the latter approached to give him a restorative.

"You feel better," said the doctor, in a soothing and encouraging tone.

"Yes; where is Isabella?"

"I have made her go to seek some rest. But here, take this, and keep quiet."

He obeyed, and again sank into a slumber. The doctor called an attendant, and after giving his directions, said,

"I will be in again in two or three hours; and if Mrs. Britton does not awaken before I come, do not disturb her."

It was near ten o'clock before the doctor called, and Isabella had not appeared.

"She was almost exhausted," said he to the girl, after her answer to his inquiries for her mistress; "but you may go up now, and see if she is awake. I almost fear to have her sleep so soundly too long."

In a few moments the girl returned, with the most terrifying alarm depicted upon her countenance.

"O, doctor!" she exclaimed, "I fear"—

The doctor put his hand upon her mouth, and pushed her from the room.

"What is it?" said he, in a low tone, as he closed the door.

"I am sure she is dead!" returned the girl; and in an instant Doctor Allen was by Isabella's bed. There certainly was cause for the girl's apprehension. She lay on the floor in front of the bed, and wholly insensible. The doctor placed her upon it, and, applying restoratives, sent the girl for more attendance. After giving the necessary orders for the moment, he turned to Margaret.

"This," said he, "must be kept from Mr. Britton, and you must stay with him. Come."

The girl followed him, and, after giving her his orders, he turned to Charles, who had faintly inquired if "any thing was the matter."

"I find," said the doctor, in answer, "that Mrs. Britton is quite exhausted,

THE FORTUNE HUNTER.

WHEN I was a little girl I was quite a favorite with Aunt Miranda Putnam, a maiden lady of our town. Aunt Miranda was a perfect sample of a genteel village spinster; and she lived in just that neat, quiet, orderly way which is so apt to create the desire in married women, who have cross husbands and troublesome children, that they had always remained single.

Every thing about Aunt Putnam's house was always *just so*, and never seemed to admit of any possible variation. The cooper's wife went every Monday, rain or shine, to do her washing; and the baker brought her just so many loaves and seed-cakes every Saturday. She had a certain quantity of milk brought every morning, and no light was visible from her windows after a stated hour in the evening. Every thing seemed to go on according to square rule; and even her cat was trained to better manners than most of the children in the neighborhood. She always subscribed a certain sum for the maintenance of the minister, and was president of the "Female Charitable Society." The Sewing Circle met at her house every alternate month, and her name was regularly signed to every Temperance pledge, and Anti-Slavery petition. When cherries were ripe, she always invited the children of the district to spend an afternoon with her, and once a year she gave a large party, to which the doctor, lawyer, and minister, with their ladies, were sure of an invitation.

In short Aunt Miranda was one of the best and happiest single ladies with whom I have ever met; and fortunate was it for me that I was so early ingratiated in her favor, for her counsels were of great advantage to me. Having no mother to watch over me; and both my deceased parents having been dear friends of Aunt Putnam's, I was allowed a liberty of ingress and egress denied to all others. The few works of fiction which her little library contained, were early devoured by me, and I wept and smiled over *Paul and Virginia*, *Vicar of Wakefield*, *Sorrows of Werter*, *Religious Courtship*, and other *ci-divant* fashionable tales. I was perhaps more benefited by her volumes of the *Spectator*, *Guardian*, and *Rambler*; and I also had access to the few periodicals for which she was a subscriber.

Small as was her income, she still contrived to do much good with it, and in her own still, quiet way she endeavored to be a benefactor to her race. Economical, though not parsimonious, her own personal expenses were regulated by the rules of a rigid self-denial. The same black bombazine gown was for years her nicest dress, and one of those green silk bellows-topped bonnets, called calashes, was worn by her long after they had been discarded by all others. But kind and charitable as Aunt Miranda was always allowed to be, yet it seemed to me that there was a want of real deep fervent feeling about her; she appeared as though the charities of her life were regulated by a sense of duty, rather than by sympathy for her fellow beings. I thought her too cold, too nice, and precise, to be capable of intense affection, and this was why I never made her a *confidante*. That she was interested in my welfare, that she wished to benefit me, I doubted not; but I could never open my heart to her; and when the most important event of my early life took place, when I had pledged my hand, and the fortune of which I should soon become mistress, to one of whom I then knew but little, I could not inform Aunt Miranda of what I had done. I knew that she would blame me, and I

felt that she could never sympathize with the feelings which had led to that imprudence.

But she heard of it from others, she learned that I was to be married,—young, hastily, and imprudently, and I received an invitation to visit her immediately. I had been blamed by others, but she—the icy formal one—what would she say? My heart beat fast as I entered that little quiet parlor: it was always still there, and I had learned to lower my voice, and soften my step, whenever I approached it. She was sitting with her dark hair combed to Quaker smoothness over her high brow, and her dark eyes filled—not as I had expected, with all of anger that she was capable of feeling, but with an expression of deep sorrow.

“And so, Alice, you are to be married?” said she to me. I confessed that she was correct.

“And I was not to know it, I who had watched you closely, as I thought, I who had deemed that love and marriage were yet but names to you, I who thought that every feeling of that heart was to be confided to me. But I do not blame you so much as I do myself. I thought that these were themes for future days, and forgot how early the warm heart may throb to affection. But tell me Alice that he is not a fortune hunter, that he does not seek the little gold which you may bestow. Oh, tell me that he does not want your money.”

I was surprised, and almost overpowered, by this burst of feeling, but I quickly answered “No! I could not love one so base, so worthless, mean, and low, as a fortune-hunter. Edward is noble, high-minded, and disinterested. I have never heard him speak of wealth but as the means for doing good; a boon to be shared by others; an instrument for the accomplishment of high designs! My guardian is satisfied, and I do assure you that he is not all that is selfish and corrupt; for such a fortune-hunter must surely be.”

“You may be deceived in him, Alice,” was her earnest response, “and you would not be the first victim of such deception. I must tell you a tale; I ought to have told it before, but I did not wish to awaken feelings which I thought were slumbering now; sit by me Alice, and I will tell you a story of my own youthful days. You have always thought me cold, stoical and unfeeling, and that is the character in which I would wish to appear, but I was not always so. I was young once, and as merry as you are Alice, in your gayest hours, but all that passed quickly away, for I had early learned to love.”

I started involuntarily, Aunt Miranda once in love—she whose very soul (at least all she possessed of soul) I had thought to be bound up in bright fire-irons, nice rug-work, and beautiful embroidery—she the very pink and pattern of discretion, the model of maiden propriety—she had once loved; ardently or she would not still remember it, and vainly for she was still unwedded. Never had I listened so intently to the gracious words which had been wont to proceed from her lips when she taught me how to make courtesies, plait ruffles, and write formal billets, as I now did, to this strange and unexpected declaration.

“Henry Formen,” continued my aunt, “was a college friend of my brother: He was handsome, graceful, and accomplished; and I was young, imaginative, and ignorant of the world. He came into this quiet village that amidst its peaceful seclusion he might acquire that profession which was to be the stepping-stone to wealth and celebrity. He was ambitious, and placed his standard high; he aimed to be one of earth’s proud and favored ones. There was something in his high aspirations which kindled my active

imagination, which awakened my admiration, and which, with his fascinating manners, and gentle, constant, kind attentions, soon won my love. Yes, I soon knew that I loved him, and with that worshipping passion which enshrines the object of affection in a temple dedicated to all that is noble, pure and true.

Seldom is mortal endowed with so much of moral and mental superiority as that with which I had invested him. Every thing that he did was better done, and from purer motives, than were the actions of any one else. Yes, I loved him, I knew it by the throbs with which I listened to his slightest word, by the thrills which rushed through my frame at the slightest touch of his hand, or glance of his eye. I knew it by the dreams which came to me at night, and blushed at the first thought which came to me at morn, but still it was a love which ennobled me, I felt that I was a better being while my whole soul was filled with this absorbing fervent worship. But did he love me? I dared not in my inmost heart say yes! He was so far above me that I could not think myself worthy of his affection. Yet he was kind to me, aye, more than *kind*, but then he was my brother's friend, for his sake he would be even as a brother to me. But he sometimes dropped words which seemed to speak of another and warmer love. For a moment my heart would beat in raptures, and then, again, it sank within me, for surely that could never be. What was I that he should thus be interested in me? A being wholly unworthy of his interest, yet spite of all my fears, my self-abasement, my elevated opinion of him, the hope began to dawn upon me that I was the object of his love. To trifle with me, or with any one, was what I thought him incapable of doing: that low gratification of selfishness, or vanity, which prompts some men to win affection but to show how they can contemn and discard it, was not in his nature. But there were looks and tones which I could not interpret otherwise than as the language of affection. Henry was poor, and I the expectant of more wealth than I have since possessed. Might not this influence his conduct? No; I utterly repudiated the thought. I was ashamed that it should once have entered my mind. Still there came no formal declaration, and I might have been the subject of self-delusion.

I had a friend, a lovely, dear and interesting friend, one who was gifted with far more brilliancy of mind, and beauty of person, than myself; and who was gentle and kind as she was fair and noble. Alicia had been the object of my brother's ardent admiration, and it was a cherished hope that she might one day be my sister. She had been absent from us long but was soon to return, and then, for the first time, she would see Henry. And Henry would see her, and to see either could be but to love and admire.

If Henry had been interested in me, how much more so must he be in Alicia? and my poor brother—if Alicia felt a friendship for him, she must surely feel something warmer for his companion. I had never before dreaded her arrival; I had never before felt aught but delight that she was to be with me, but now, though I schooled my heart to hide if it could not repress the unworthy feeling, I wished that she was not to come. But she did come, and they saw and admired each other. I had known it would be so, and my heart struggled in secrecy with its agony. I saw, day by day, the little attentions which had been devoted to me, shared with my beautiful friend, and at length they were wholly transferred to her, and I was a neglected one. I did not love him less for this—the spell was still strong upon me; for though I had never dared *believe* that I could awaken a permanent interest in Henry, I felt that Alicia was worthy of all, even his most ardent

love. I was restless and miserable, but Alicia's soul was in one constant revel amidst sunshine, and song, and flowers. Henry was ever with us, and his fascinating powers were exerted to the utmost to make *her* happy. And she was happy; and blissful thoughts were ever pouring forth, like strains of glad music from her heart, and when, at morn, I rose from a sleepless couch, it was to behold her wrapped in smiling dreams. Far more pointed than the attentions which he had once bestowed upon me were those now constantly offered to my friend, and, in the eyes of the world, as well as of each other, they were lovers.

But the dreamer was to be awakened; the bubble to be broken; for Alicia was suddenly summoned to her father's death-bed. I have not told you that her father was rich; that she was the reputed heir of great wealth; for I did not like to speak of the bauble *riches*, while depicting feelings pure as her's. But it was so, and I thought the fear of opposition from the proud father was the reason why he had never formally declared his love. But when they were called upon to separate, it was no time for them to speak of it. Still it did speak in the expression of their eyes, in the faltering of their words, in the tremor of their hands, and his last words were,

"Alicia, we shall soon meet again."

They did *not* soon meet again. Days passed, and word came to us that Alicia was an orphan; and then was also brought the tidings that she was a *portionless one*. A sudden and irremediable reverse of fortune had brought the old man to a bed of sickness and death; and his daughter was left penniless. But never had I envied Alicia as in that hour of trial and sorrow. There was one that would now be more than friend to that friendless one. One who would go, and wipe the tears from her eyes, or mingle with them the consolations of love and sympathy. He would now go, and be to that lonely girl all that affection could desire, and all that affection could suggest. Now was the time for Henry to show himself all that was kind, and true, and noble. But my faith in him began to grow dim—time passed by, and he went not; and when Alicia wrote to me, to know if he were still among the living, I was astounded. But even then I could not believe him base; there must be some mistake. I was to be undeceived. Ah, how totally had I been blinded. The mists of love had been around me, and how were they to be dispersed? Alicia still wept over a new-made grave, when Henry made a proposal of marriage to me. It was then the love of money which had prompted him to assume the garb of affection; it had been Alicia's expected fortune; and it was now my smaller but certain one which his ambitious spirit had desired, as the means of self-aggrandizement. I saw it all now, and I was roused from my long dream. It was a bitter stroke, and the wounded heart was henceforth to be a caliced one. I spurned him from me. I despised—nay, even detested him now, but that loving, trusting, idolizing faith could never more return. I had loved him, but I could never love again."

Aunt Miranda ceased, and for a few moments we sat in silence. "But what," said I, "became of Alicia?"

"Alicia," continued she, "had loved with less of idolatry than myself, but with far more of hope and sympathy. Her mortification was greater also, for her affection had been more generally known, and openly acknowledged; but she called pride to her aid, and hid the wound which could not heal. There was one who had loved her in younger happier days, and whose affection continued, even through change of time, of fortune, and of her own feelings. That one knew not how earnest were her strivings for

peace, for strength, and cheerfulness, and at length she seemed so happy that he deemed she had wholly overcome that ill-fated love. She yielded to his solicitations and became his wife, but her exertions to conquer, to forget, and to love again, had been too great. She died, ere one whole year had passed away, and begged of me to watch and love her infant child. I have endeavored to fulfil that trust; and when a few years since the father also died, leaving her the heir of much wealth, I determined that she should never become the victim of a fortune-hunter. Alice, I fear I have been too negligent, for it may even now be so."

"Then I am that orphan child."

"You are the offspring of my brother George, and my much-loved Alice," replied Aunt Miranda.

"But you called her Alicia."

"That was to prevent you from identifying her at first," and taking a lovely miniature from her bosom, she hung it around my neck. I looked upon the beauteous face, and burst into tears.

"Let her sorrows be warnings to you," continued my aunt, "and look long and closely before you take that last leap, which may consign you to a fortune-hunter."

"But what," said I, "became of Henry?"

"His ardent dreams of fame and wealth were afterwards realized. He married an heiress in a distant city, and revelled for a time in splendor. But this is the bright side of the picture. Many trials and disappointments have since been his, and he is now a broken-spirited prematurely aged man."

Aunt Miranda's warnings were not lost upon me. I thanked her for her counsels, and promised to guide my conduct by them. My marriage was deferred for several years, during which Edward was closely watched by the Argus eyes of my anxious aunt; and when at length the day arrived, which was to unite my fate with his, I had the pleasure of hearing her express her conviction that the only fortune which he had sought was the hand of

ALICE.

THE FALLING RAIN.

O swiftly descendeth the falling rain,
As lightly it taps on the window pane,
And dimples the face of the placid lake,
While a pensive sound its droppings make;—
And the winds whisper forth a sighing strain,
To blend with the tears of the falling rain.

How fares it now with the flowerets bright,
That so lately have opened their eyes to the light?
Oh, bending low is each delicate form;
Yet its perfume it yields to the howling storm;
Like gratitude swelling 'mid grief and pain,
Is the fragrance they send through the falling rain.

The cattle have sought the sheltering wall,
Where they silently stand, as the thick drops fall:

And see, on the grass that borders the grove,
A glistening web the mist has just wove,
And the pebbles that lay on the arid plain
Seem burnished with gold, by the falling rain.

Where is he who trod, with his staff and pack,
The dusty road, when the sky grew black?
Oh! he resteth him now in the grey rock's shade,
And watcheth the streamlet the shower has made;
And ye may not say that his thoughts are vain
While he museth there on the falling rain.

How happy are we in our calm retreat,
While we hear the storm on our cottage beat,
And think, as we list to the raging din,
That it maketh dearer the peace that's within;
While cheerful we sit, till the day doth wane,
And gaze on the clouds and the falling rain.

When the gladdening sunlight of joy has fled,
And troubles are gathering dark overhead,
May our spirits serenely repose in His love,
Whose strength all the powers of earth cannot move;
And, sheltered serenely from sorrow and pain,
Look with smiles on the storm and the falling rain. L. L.

THE "POEMS" RETURNED.

"Good evening, Samuel; I am 'so glad' to see you; why, it is nearly three months since you have been here."

"Yes, sister, it has been a long time since I have had the pleasure of passing an evening with you; but my old excuse is my only one—pressure of business. I have returned the volume of poems you lent me when I was here, and will thank you, if you can, to give me some account of the origin and *modus operandi* of this Library Association."

"I shall comply with pleasure, as I passed an evening in company with a member of that Institution, when in Boston several months since, who, at my request, kindly furnished me with the statistics of the society, which are as follows: The Library was established February 22d, 1820. It owes its origin to the exertions of a few philanthropic individuals, who, perceiving the necessity of, and the advantages to be derived from, the intellectual and moral improvement of this important class of the community, united their efforts, and, aided by the donations of a liberal public, founded the *first* "Apprentices' Library" in the world. It was placed by its founders under the guardianship of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, who conducted it until 1828, when an Association of Apprentices was formed, who took charge of the Library, the parent Association defraying its expenses until 1832, when the apprentices assumed the entire responsibility.—Since that time it has been solely under their direction and control, and, through their exertions, is now enjoying a high state of prosperity, and consequent utility. The Library consists of upwards of 2,000 volumes."

"Thank you, but judging from the poems, I should suppose they possessed other advantages for intellectual improvement, than access to books only."

"Yes, brother; connected with the Association, is an Elocution Class, which forms one of the principal attractions to the members. Its exercises are declamation, debate, extemporaneous speaking, and the reading of original essays. There is also an extensive reading department, furnished with the principal papers and magazines of the day. Those poems, Samuel, which you have just read, are sufficient evidence of the value of this Association; being the production of genius, which, in all probability, would have lain dormant, but for its influence."

"That, Emma, has been no slight influence, which has thus 'roused the slumbering soul, the forceful mind; to break away those fetters that bind them groveling to earth,' and try their new fledged pinions in the bright realms of poesy."

"Brother, as you are a better critic than myself, I would like your opinion on a few extracts, which I will read. I select these, not because they are the best poetry in the poems, or the best poems in the book; but being from "Anniversary Poems," they are more intimately connected with the subject of our present conversation. They likewise convey a good idea of the spirit of the institution. The first was pronounced Feb. 22d, 1838, also the anniversary of Washington's birthday."

"Immortal Chieftain! round whose memory plays
 Glory's rich sunshine in unclouded blaze!
 Whose deeds now shine a constellation bright,
 That ne'er shall set until eternal night—
 When wondrous systems must to chaos run,
 And deepest darkness pull the golden sun;
 The brightest planets quench their bounteous light,
 And hide their beauty from admiring sight;
 Old Time, grown weary, leaves unwatched his glass,
 And years and ages unrecorded pass—
 That constellation, though it sets with earth,
 Will dawn again to a celestial birth;
 The pure effulgence worth to it has given,
 Will beam resplendent in the courts of heaven."

"Well, then, Emma, you wish my opinion. That extract speaks forth its own praises, and will find a ready response in every American heart."

"Hear this, Samuel; it is from the poem on *Reason*, pronounced the succeeding anniversary.

Man's course is onward! sped by REASON'S light,
 How high he mounts! how beautiful and bright,
 The grand conceptions of those reasoning powers,
 When thought beguiles his lonely waking hours.
 Behold on her swift pinions now he flies
 Beyond the world, and to his gazing eyes,
 Those stars, like diamonds on the robe of night,
 Are peopled worlds, suspended from their height
 By God's omnipotence; he learns to trace
 Their forms and motions through the azure space;
 In Nature's book to read the wondrous laws
 Which change the seasons, and from whence the cause."

"Emma, I think I may very *reasonably* consider that a fine specimen of the manly and vigorous style, joined with purity of thought. Some of those figures are really admirable."

"The next is from an article on *Improvement*, pronounced Feb. 22d, 1840. It is rather long, but I hope you will excuse that, as it so well sets forth the fraternal feelings existing among the members, and the fond devotion with which they bow at the altar of improvement."

"Beloved companions of this little band,
Whose youthful ardor lent the willing hand
And generous heart, in Virtue's cause to rear
Your little temple, to IMPROVEMENT dear,
Who love within its hallowed walls to meet
Each dear associate, and together greet
The voice of Wisdom, as she sweetly pours
The choicest treasures of her gathered stores;
With eager hand, the glowing page to turn,
Which bids its rapture in your bosoms burn;
Or filled with wonder at their grand display,
Through Nature's realms with Art and Science stray;
With minds improved by each successive scene,
With grateful hearts within these walls convene,
To list instruction from the lips of age,
From Scholar, Statesman, and the learned Sage."

"Emma, any person who could read that extract, and not wish to see the whole poem, would still be insensible to its beauties, were I to speak of the lofty enthusiasm of its spirit, or its rich and racy style."

"Samuel, the last one I will quote is from a poem on *Eloquence*, pronounced Feb. 22d, 1842."

"Resistless Power! while yet thy tones inspire
The patriot's ardor and the warrior's fire,—
While round the guilty great, thy lightning's play,
Or cheer despondent Virtue on her way,—
In sweeter notes some passing hour beguile,
And wreath on Beauty's cheek a lovelier smile,—
Or silent plead in Friendship's ardent eye,
Or softly breathe in fond Affection's sigh,—
Pierce Mammon's heart, oppressed with sordid care,
And wake the manly feeling slumbering there!
With sweet persuasive voice the wanderer win
To honor's starry pathway back again!
Oh, matchless Art! while still unchecked shall roll
Thy dauntless influence o'er the human soul,
With purer aims the mind of man employ,—
Let nobler ends bring more exalted joy!"

"Sister, the heart beats lightly to the eloquent music of this bard's beautiful imaginings. Long and often may those gifted youths continue to send forth the sweet strains of soul-stirring poetry to gladden the world."

"Brother, another good idea connected with the Association, is, the degree of *Honorary Member*, which, at the close of their apprenticeship, in conferred on those, who, in the estimation of their fellows, have earned the

dear loved title. Those who are elected to this honor, cherish it as the best 'certificate of character' with which they can commence life's uneven journey."

"Yes, Emma, that is a very good measure, as it will prove a stimulant to the indolent, and a reward to the industrious. From small causes, effects little thought of, sometimes arise. Probably the individual who gave the moving spring its first vibration, which ushered into being the "MECHANIC APPRENTICES' LIBRARY ASSOCIATION," was all unconscious of the great good which would result from that one, in itself, unimportant word."

"Truly, brother, thus we see it becometh us, 'Whatsoever our hand findeth to do, do it with our might.' I presume every apprentice in Boston, who has any taste for moral or intellectual excellence, if not already one, will lose no time in becoming a member of that excellent institution."

"Thank you, dear sister, for the information you have given me. Good night. But stop. Where can I obtain those poems? I have made inquiry at several of our bookstores, and have been unable to find them."

"You can get them, Samuel, at the bookstore of A. O. Ordway, No. 99, Merrimack street."

H. J.

CHAPTERS ON LIFE AS IT IS. NO. II.

"All have the elements of every lovable virtue."

"Good morning, Lizzy," said Lucy White, as, with a merry laugh, and a bounding step, she entered her sister's apartment; "let us take a walk to inhale the pure air this delicious morning."

"Thank you, sister, I am glad you have called; I have wished for a little chat with you; and as we can walk and talk at the same time, I shall be very happy to accompany you. Where shall we go, Lucy?"

"O, anywhere, Lizzy, that we can breathe fresh air, and find a dear little bud, or flower, or any vegetable life. Let us go where the grass has a chance to greet the blessed sunlight, without being compelled to force its way between the bricks, as it does on our sidewalk. Haste, Lizzy, and put on your bonnet and shawl. Now for your chat: what is it to be about?"

"Well, Lucy, it is this: a few days since, as I opened one of my friend Munroe's books, I discovered a slip of perforated paper, whereon was neatly wrought, 'All have the elements of every lovable virtue.' What do you think of the sentiment?—is it true, or is it not?"

"Think of it," exclaimed Lucy; "why I cannot believe it is half true!"

"But, dear sister, are you not rather hasty in giving judgment? For my own part I must confess, I felt there was much truth in it; and I would it were more generally acknowledged, for I am sure it would elevate the tone of feeling in the community, and increase the amount of human happiness."

"Surely, Lizzy, you cannot intend to say that old Peggy Straw possessed half the lovable virtues. She seems to delight in deception, especially if she can injure any person's feelings by it. I have not forgotten how she told Mr. West and Mr. Capen, that she had invited all the girls around there to her quilting that afternoon. She knew that I would suffer from her deception rather than contradict it before strangers, so she endeavored to make it

appear that some of us would not assist her, when we could have done if so we had been invited."

"Lucy, be not too severe; Peggy has not enjoyed the religious advantages that most people have at the present day. The circumstances in which she has been placed have probably made her very different from what she would have been under different influences. Do you not suppose, when Peggy was an infant in her mother's arms, she gave as fair promise of future excellence as any child."

"Possibly that may have been the case; but if so, how could she have arrived at her present degree of depravity?"

"Lucy, you admit the possibility of the fact; I think it not only possible, but more than probable, that she possessed every organ necessary for a well-balanced and healthy mind; if so, then she possessed 'the elements of every lovable virtue,' and it has been a want of proper cultivation only that prevents her from being really an amiable person. Speaking phrenologically, Conscientiousness may have been entirely neglected, while other organs have been unduly developed."

"Well, Lizzy, there seems some plausibility in your reasoning; and if it can be fully established, I shall pity rather than despise the unfortunate creature. But there is Dilly Gay—you said *she* was a perfect nuisance. How will your motto apply to her?"

"Yes, Lucy, I confess I did say so, but it was a premature judgment; I have since concluded that her rough manners, and uncourteous speech, constitute the brier-hedge which conceals the verdure of a true and kind heart. When Sarah Hill was so very sick, you know Dilly was the first one who offered her any assistance, and she was ever at hand to perform any little act of kindness until she recovered."

"Well, Lizzy, I am half inclined to adopt your motto; it would open to me a new sphere of usefulness and happiness."

"Do so, dear sister, if you are convinced of its truth, but not otherwise. When you have planted it in your heart, much care and cultivation will be necessary, to make it flourish. Indeed your utmost efforts, at times, will scarce keep it alive. But do not despair—it will yield fruit in due season."

"I will think of it, Lizzy. But here we are at your door; accept part of my flowers, and my thanks for your company in this, to both mind and body, invigorating excursion. Good morning."

"Good morning, Lucy."

ORIANNA.

"CHANCES AND CHANGES."

CHANGE and instability are written upon all things. This law is imprinted upon all the varying forms of Nature, and we see it indelibly impressed, also, upon all the works of man. We look on the earth, clothed in the green verdure and beauty of summer—the waving forest, the rich fruit trees, and the fanciful garden, are all spread before us; but, even while we are gazing, the change comes, the brilliancy fades, and soon all Nature lies cold and shivering beneath the snow-clad robes of winter.

If we look abroad on the works of man, how forcibly are we reminded of their changing, fleeting nature. Although the labor of thousands of human

beings has been expended upon the works of art, yet Decay has stamped her signet upon them, and they are continually passing away! Vicissitude, which comes upon every thing else, comes also upon society. Do we rely upon the ties of friendship and love? Alas, how frail is the support! We see our friends and acquaintances busily pursuing the career of life, some of them in the strength and vigor of youth, full of hope and activity; but they are gone! No ties could retain, nor love save them, for the Power that changed is omnipotent.

There are changes from which no money can purchase exemption—which no wisdom can avert. Death, the completion of all earthly mutability—what a change is this! “The silver cord is loosed”—“The golden bowl is broken,” and the once animated being becomes cold and insensible. The heart no longer glows with affection—the voice is hushed, and the countenance that but lately beamed with expression, is naught but an image. The spirit is not dead, but has only changed the place of its abode. Thus are we taught not to place our affections too fondly on things that perish, but to cherish those feelings which will fit us for that world where no change comes, except in constant improvement; “where the bright ages of eternity will cast no shadow, but roll on in unceasing happiness.” J. S. W.

EDITORIAL.

THE SABBATH IN LOWELL. The fine appearance of the Lowell operatives upon the Sabbath is often made a theme of remark by strangers. And truly it is a pleasant sight to view so many pretty females in the bloom of life, clad in their holiday dresses, filling by thousands our *trottoirs* upon their way to or from the house of God.

But with those who are reflecting—to whom the eye of the body is but a servant to the eye of the soul—to those who look farther than that which meets the senses—to those this sight is suggestive of many thoughts. They would see how much of care has been bestowed upon this poor outward frame, and would ask if as much attention had been directed to the preparation of the *heart*, for its *appearance* in a place—not of theatrical show, but of *worship*. They would ask if, with those whose time for rest and spiritual improvement is so limited, if the outward and inward adornment were perfectly compatible with each other. They would *imagine* scenes which we have *witnessed*, where *hours* of the sacred day have been spent in the mere “plaiting of the hair.” They would think also of the different motives which have brought so many forth; and then again they would think that even this great number included not all. They would know that there were many who never enter a place of public worship; and they would presume that of that number many might spend this time in a manner which would ill accord with its sacred duties.

We are not now about to recommend a puritanical observance of the Sabbath. We would not wish to make it a day in which there should be no interchange of cheerful thoughts, and friendly congratulations; but we would wish that all should, in some manner, on this day, lend their influence to a perpetuation of those ordinances which have made us an envied people; and without which there must be a decay of all which truly conduces to our happiness.

Every girl who enters a Lowell factory receives a “regulation paper,” in which it is enjoined upon her to attend, *regularly*, some place of public worship. Among these females there are many who think no such rule should be made—that the employers need exercise no supervision over their conduct, excepting so far as their behavior in the mill, or at their boarding-house, is concerned. And then, again, there are, as we have heretofore stated, many who cannot afford the expenses which they would thus incur. There are girls who come to support a widowed mother, or invalid father, or a family in some way deprived of their usual means of support; or they come to redeem a mortgaged farm, or to collect a wardrobe, or a sum of money to attend school,

or get married, or "go to the West;" and the pew rent, which varies from three to six dollars per annum, is a tax heavily felt when one receives but "a new hand's" wages; and which, with the attendant expenses of dress, etc., make a slight inroad upon any operative's purse. But, it may be urged, this rule is not enforced—no one is forced into compliance with this regulation.

This rule ought either to be enforced, or it should be erased from the list of regulations. And it should never be enforced unless one place, at least, of free worship, is established in Lowell. There should be one "City Missionary," or "Minister at Large"—one to preach the Gospel to those who might not otherwise hear it. In a city, which does not contain three times as many inhabitants as Lowell, there are three such preachers; and there also the proportion of a young floating population is not so large—of those to whom it would be most useful, and whose influence in the generation of coming actors upon the stage of life will be very likely to remain impressed by circumstances here. We send from this city, hundreds, if not thousands, of dollars every year, for the support of missionaries in other places; while, in the words of John Randolph, "the Greeks are at our door." "These things ought we to have done, and not to have left the other undone."

It may be said that, with a little self-denial, almost every operative might enjoy these religious privileges; but, granting this, all young girls, away from the influences of parents and friends, will not exercise this self-denial; and we do not reason thus in regard to the young about other things. We do not expect the prudence, self-denial, and circumspection, of them that we do of those who are maturer. Our care should be that the young may enjoy these advantages, and be placed within those influences, which will be likely to create those qualities.

It may be objected to all this, that those who attend public worship here do it not always from the motives which should actuate them—that they go for display—"to see and be seen." We will allow that good impulses may often be mingled with those which are not so praiseworthy; yet, by a constant attendance upon faithful preaching, the former may be made to predominate; and it must be granted that an entire desertion of the house of God, even when commenced from necessity, is almost always followed by a decrease of moral sensibility. Those who value Sabbath privileges, themselves, will not be likely to make this objection.

Some will say that, of the great number who do not attend public worship, many are as good and amiable as the majority of those who do thus attend. If we grant this we must remember that they are under the silent influences of these services, by their connection with the others—that society here would be very different if there were no altars built for God—and, however pleasant and good these young females may be, an attendance upon church services would be an indication of a still higher tone of moral feeling, and help to preserve it.

And now it may be asked, "Do the operatives wish for an institution of this kind?"

When the females, who attend upon no regular place of worship, are asked why they do not, the reply is often made, that they would, if they could enjoy the privilege of a free attendance at some such place.

"And, supposing such an enterprise was to be established, what sort of a minister should we obtain?"

He should be a philanthropist—a man of noble and elevated views of Christianity—one who could rise above all the distinctions of sects, and be willing to "preach Christ, and Him crucified." He should be one who could see a lamb for his flock, from whatever fold she might have come—one who, by enforcing and inculcating the great truths upon which we all agree, would gain their regard, and do much good, and who would wound the feelings of none, by touching upon those minor differences which alone make discord—one who, when more favorable circumstances smiled upon her, could behold any lamb of his flock return to her own fold, with the consciousness that, to her, he had been a good shepherd. He should be one who would respect the feelings and views of the other shepherds about him, and one whose faithfulness and truth should secure theirs in return. He should be an intellectual and educated man, that he might win those who would feel repulsed by ignorance and coarseness—for many, who are here, have been accustomed, in their homes, to the teachings of those who are well fitted to stand, as ministering spirits, between them and their Father who is in Heaven.

And, lastly, "By whom should this be brought about?"

It is not a duty exclusively belonging to the capitalists, though they might be expected to assist. But all should feel themselves called upon to engage in a work like this, who have philanthropic feelings, and Christian hearts.

H. F.

THE LOWELL OFFERING

AND MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1843.

ETERNITY.

THERE are feelings that gather, and brood o'er the soul,
Forbidding the current of passion to roll,
When the mute spirit gazes with awe and delight,
On vague formless outlines that flit o'er its sight,
And sees, in the visions that dimly pass by,
A glimpse of its own Eternity.

There 's a yearning, that 's felt in the heart's deepest cell,
And silently, vainly within doth it swell;
And scorning the hopes of the children of earth,
Aspires to the home of its loftier birth;
And that yearning, unquenched, in the heart will e'er lie
Till refreshed by a draught of Eternity.

As the young eaglet pants for the glorious light,
And flutters its yet unfledged pinions for flight,—
Its mountain-built eyry disdainfully scans,
While the broad azure heaven its glowing eye spans,
So struggles the earth-fettered spirit to fly,
And bathe in the light of Eternity.

As that noble bird soars, when its thralldom is done,
Soars swiftly and steadily on to the sun,
So shall the immortal, when spreading her wings,
Glance lightly beneath, on terrestrial things;
And on God, her bright Source, firmly fixing her eye,
For ever exult in Eternity.

L. L.

PREJUDICE THE ARBITER OF TASTE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

MICHAEL ANGELO, indignant at the unjust preference which the pretended connoisseurs of his time gave to the works of the ancient sculptors—irritated beside by what they had said to him, that the least of the antique statues was more beautiful than all he had done, or ever could produce, bethought himself of a singular means to confound them.

He secretly sculptured a Cupid, with all the genius and art which belonged to him. When this statue was finished he cut off an arm, and after having given to the remainder of the figure by means of certain tints, the color of the ancient statues, he buried it during the night, in a place where they were soon to dig for the foundation of an edifice.

The time came—they found the Cupid—all the curious ran to admire it. They cried out that they had never seen any thing so beautiful. It is a masterpiece of Phidias, said some. It is of Policlites, said others. How superior, cried they all, to any thing done at the present day! But what a pity that it wants an arm!

“That arm I have, gentlemen,” at length said Michael Angelo, who had listened to these foolish exaggerations. They began to mock him, but the confusion soon turned upon them when they saw Michael Angelo readjust to the statue the arm which he had before detached from it. By acknowledging the true author of the statue, it was necessary to acknowledge also that it is not impossible for the moderns to equal the ancients. E. W. L.

KISSING.

KISS! KISSES! KISSING! How much of bliss, and how much of misery, is implied by those fond fatal words. There is the kiss simple, the kiss diplomatic, the ceremonial kiss, (and from authority which we hardly wish to quote here) the “holy kiss;” and every maiden, from sixteen to sixty, can aver that there is another variety, the *kiss tender*. To enumerate the endless variety, or to delineate each species, is not our intention—much less to classify, or analyze each particular class. Matters of so much importance, and requiring so much learned and able research, we shall leave for those able to master them; but that much depends upon the just decisions of these questions, no one will deny.

“Kisses and kissing,” by the generality of mankind are merely considered “common” and “proper;” and yet individuals of nice discrimination—those who can see shape in the wind, and hear sounds in the scintillations of a star, will agree with us that there is an endless variety in species, and no sufficient definition or adequate meaning attached to each class. They are all lumped together, and said to mean merely—*nothing*. This is erroneous. Is there not a wide difference between the kiss snatched *publicly* with a *smack* from the pouting lips of the laughing hoiden, and the silent kiss, imprinted stealth-

ily and noiselessly upon the same lips? Each and every kiss ought to be classified in the same manner as shells, or plants. How much more important to general happiness, is a significant and *understood* meaning of kisses, than a knowledge of the particular class and species of the inanimate curiosities flung from the briny wave. How many heart-aches—how many misunderstandings have arisen from the confusion of kisses. Convinced of the importance of this subject, we would add the following incident as proof of our assertions, that the matter of simple kissing, as connected with general happiness, has not received the attention which it demands.

As localities are not material to our purpose, we shall mention none; and merely premise, that, doubtless, in each city, village and country, where kissing is known, some good dame, in her mind's eye, might find the original personages of the incident. We are aware that we shall develop nothing new; nevertheless, we shall claim the honor of directing the attention of the humane, philanthropic, and enlightened more particularly to the *cause* which has so often marred the pleasures of social intercourse, rendered harmony discord, and almost branded virtue with *crime*.

No man was more esteemed—none more respected—no one more regarded and beloved for the kindness of his heart, and urbanity of manners, than Mr. Stoors, in the community where he resided. Generous, noble, learned, and withal possessed of much wealth, he was a man to be envied for his station, and imitated in his daily walks of kindness and love. He had but one fault, and that was scarce accounted one by a greater portion of his acquaintance. But he was *unmarried*, and that placed him in the equivocal position of an unappropriated tract of land—all who wished thought that they had a right "to possess and improve" at their leisure.

And certainly no one, in this case, was more anxious for the right of possession than Miss Clarissa Hall. She had passed the morning and meridian of her days in "single blessedness;" and she was anxious—perhaps from no other motive than the curiosity inherent in her sex—that the singular number of her existence should cease, and become plural for the afternoon of her life. (*We* sounds more full and sonorous than *I*, as all editors and monarchs can testify.) The desire, which was engendered in her palpitating bosom, was proper; for no one can be so ungenerous as to blame any woman for escaping from the ranks of old maids—if *she can*. In her early days, being of the sentimental class, she had assumed a character of demure prudishness, and by her reserve had frightened all young swains from thoughts kind and tender, if they could have entertained any towards such an apparently cold and unmovable lump of clay. But now, regretting the error of her diplomacy, she resolved to relax from her austerity on the first proper occasion.

A widowed aunt superintended the domestic arrangements of Mr. Stoors; and Miss Clarissa became a frequent visitor in the house, trusting that as the amiability of her character became developed, the gentleman, towards whom her operations were directed, would take due notice, and secure the prize of a tender wife in herself. This was the more to be hoped, as it was well known that the aunt, at no very distant period, anticipated a reunion with her own children under the roof of her eldest son.

Mr. Stoors, perfectly ignorant of the tender emotions which he had created in the breast of the fair lady, preserved his usual equanimity of demeanor and thought; but, unfortunately, one evening, in her presence, he lamented his misfortune in losing his aunt, remarking that he did not know what he should do when she was gone.

He had suffered a siege without any signs of capitulation, and Miss Clarissa resolved upon a *storm*, seizing upon the present opportunity as a propitious moment.

"I will supply her place," said she, advancing to him, and throwing her arms around his neck *so tenderly*!

If ever a man was taken by surprise, it was Mr. Stoors; and kissing the cheek which nestled so lovingly close to his own, he loosened her arms from around his neck, and instantly retired without speaking.

A kiss answered for words where every idea of kindness, compliment and sincerity were in confusion. What could a man say, when he did not know what to think?

Time passed; and with the other news current, was the tale that Miss Hall was ill. The good old ladies wondered why Mr. Stoors did not call upon her, as he was ever the first to visit the sick, the sorrowful, and the afflicted. But his visit of consolation was delayed until a message was brought him from the invalid, requesting his presence. He complied with the request; but what passed at the interview is beyond our power to relate. However, the visit was not repeated; and soon whispers began to be circulated detrimental to the character of Mr. Stoors, charging him with seeking to excite the affections of the amiable lady, and then leaving the buds of hope and promise, which had *sprouted* in her bosom, to be killed by the frosts of neglect and unkindness!

The tale was circulated as gratuitously and expeditiously as the "expresses" of the present day carry news and newspapers in advance of the mail; and in proof of its truth, his kiss was harped upon as a direct avowal.

The old ladies sided with the fair sufferer, declaring that "he had no business to be kissing without meaning any thing!" And the young ladies laughed, for they thought it possible that if Mr. Stoors had kissed once, he might do so again; and that thought had the elements of *hope* in it.

Finally, the matter was brought into the church of which Miss Hall and Mr. Stoors were both members, and the result was, that Mr. Stoors was dismissed in disgrace, for all of the deacons and trustees were *married men*.

And here was an honorable man disgraced, and all for the ignorance of the people in respect to kisses and kissing. As good as the men were who examined the case, not one of them could decide satisfactorily to what species the kiss in question belonged—Mr. Stoors averring that it was the only return he could make for the lady's kindness, and she as strongly declaring that it was nothing but the kiss tender, the preliminary of *soft* avowals. And with this testimony, and the old ladies' influence, the judges of the case decided by jumping at their conclusion, that "to kiss without any meaning, was indecorous and improper, especially in those persons who were looked upon as examples to their brethren; therefore," &c.

And this was the decision of ignorance, not consonant "with enlightened views of humanity" and "the march of improvement" that is abroad. This a decision of the nineteenth century, when every school girl can tell you that a kiss is both common and proper, and means—"nothing." Shade of Connecticut "blue laws"! thy spirit yet lingerest amongst us. Avaunt! We want not thy darkness to shadow the ethereal essence, the tangible reality of nothingness which is embodied in *kisses and kissing*.

KATE.

HISTORY OF A TREE.

My early home was in a beautiful grove; where, amidst a large company of my kindred, I grew, and flourished, for years, with the rough winds sweeping high above me, and sheltered by the tall trees, which stood, like a soldier guard, about me. My life was very calm and monotonous then. I could listen to the birds, which sang amid the boughs of my old companions, but none had ever made a nest in my weak branches; and I quivered all over with delight when, for a moment, some small sparrow, or robin, touched my slight sprays, and then, as if frightened with the swing I gave him, flew up to some less sensitive bough. Occasionally a low breeze would creep through the grass, kiss the wood violet or anemone, and make me thrill and flutter with its wild caresses; but, with these exceptions, my life was one dull routine. I had nothing to do but to grow; and so I thought I would endeavor to grow "in beauty." Each successive branch and spray was put forth with the utmost regularity; and I was unwearied in my exertions to attain an appearance which must excite admiration.

Yet why should I be beautiful? Amidst so many I was never noticed. Sometimes a pair of absent-minded lovers, or a company of noisy children, would approach me, but they had no eyes to notice my comeliness; and when some bustling man came near me, with a more interested look, and an expression of deep solicitude in his restless twinkling eye, there always followed it a change of demeanor, and his attentions, and compliments, would be transferred to some one who was older, larger, and stronger than myself.

So I tried to grow big; and I wished to be a little "higher in the world," that I might see a little more of what was going on in it—something beyond the verdant embattlements which allowed my sight not even one loop-hole, through which I might obtain experience of life beyond me.

At length a time arrived when I was to be gratified; when I was to enjoy a happiness of which I had never even conceived in my prison home. I was selected by a young man (who had certainly a very correct eye for regularity and beauty) to grace a hall, at the time of a FAIR. Oh, how I rustled my boughs with joy, when I heard myself named as the being of his choice; and how I straightened up in my pride, while others about me drooped with mortification. I scarcely felt the blow which severed me from my nourishing parent, Earth, and I heeded not its pain. Think ye that the *belle* weeps, when her attendant pierces her live flesh with holes for jewelry, or when the hand of the surgeon removes some deforming excrescence? It was thus with me. I cared not for pain. I waved gaily my adieus as I rode away to the place of triumph, and nodded insolently to the aged guardians of my short life.

It was a fine morning, in the last of June, when I was placed in the centre of a beautiful hall—I, the crowning ornament, about which all other beauties were to be congregated. I saw small beings, some like myself, placed at a respectful distance from me; I saw an arch erected with its bright green motto; I saw the tables arranged with taste and skill about me, and covered with articles of beauty, and utility, or ingenious device; I saw flowers and embroideries brought in; and the curtains taken from two noble portraits; and still I was acknowledged the loveliest. Young maidens came, and filled my sprays with flowers and tissues—they hang, amid my boughs, colored transparencies, toys, and articles of their own handiwork, and I became

even more worthy of admiration. They placed within my shade a bird, of far more value and beauty than any which had ever sung amidst the branches of my old friends, and with a wiry nest of exquisite construction. Then he sung songs of sweeter melody than those little *back-woods* birds could imitate, or even conceive. Then came evening; and amidst a blaze of light, which transformed the place to a scene of magic, I was still the attraction, and chief ornament. Throngs of people passed me, with brightened eyes, and fine compliments, and I was almost crazed with joy. There was traffic, and pleasure; music, wit, and criticism; but I was still "the observed of all observers," *the admired of all admirers*. Then came night, with darkness and stillness, but it was only for a few hours, and then followed another day of pleasure and triumph. Then again came night, and the scene was over—the sounds of mirth had passed away; and, as if by magic, was the place divested of its beauty. I stood "shorn of mine honors," and trembling for the future. Was it all ended? Was this short period of bliss so soon to be followed by neglect and decay? I had *lived too fast*. I was to be punished for my past pride and impatience—punished even in its gratification.

Such were my thoughts and fears, when, lo! I was again selected to grace another festive scene, and on a day of national jubilee. My life was to be preserved for a second triumph; and, in the interval, I amuse myself with this review of the past. * *

THE DARK SIDE.

It is generally admitted that there are two sides to almost every thing; but seldom do we find both sides equally conspicuous. The historical page but rarely exhibits more than one side of the picture. The history of our own country will bear witness of the truth of this assertion, especially the history of the early settlements.

However much the early settlers have been extolled for their piety, it must be acknowledged that they were rigidly superstitious; and, when reflecting upon their injustice to those among their brethren who, like themselves, had sought an asylum in the wilds of America, and (perchance owing to a different organization) honestly differed from them in some non-essential points of faith and doctrine, will not the question naturally arise, "What must have been their feelings toward, and their treatment of, the unsophisticated children of the forest?"

And how different would the printed page appear, if the wrongs of the red man, and the noble traits of his character, had there been portrayed. But that wisdom which is from beneath, has kept these things as far as possible in the background; and it is owing more to tradition, than any other source, that *any* of these things are kept in remembrance.

In delineating Indian character, historians, as a general thing, have exhibited the dark side of the picture. The Indian has been represented as a demon; his method of warfare, treatment of prisoners, and his vindictive spirit has been painted in every horrid shape; while those injuries, which inflamed his passions, and spurred him on to cruel deeds, have been, as much as possible, concealed from public view.

Will it be ever thus? Are there not those who are willing that justice *should* be done—nay, who are willing to assist in the work? Are there not among our aged grandsires, those who, in the store-house of memory have garnered up enough of tradition to give a true picture of the red man's wrongs? And will not their children's children search the venerated repository of the archives of olden time, and cull from thence facts which shall scatter the mist of error, and show to the world the red man in a truer light?

I think I hear a voice answering: It shall be done. Too long has the dark side been contemplated; too long has justice slumbered. Truth shall come forth, and the red man's wrongs shall be redressed. The dark side will then receive a brightness, and the red man be known and acknowledged as a brother in humanity.

PUMEN.

NAPOLEON IN EXILE.

ADIEU to France! thou sunny land,
Where once I led the conquering band,
In shining mail arrayed;
For thee I early conquest won,
And blazoned thee by Victory's sun,
And once thy sceptre swayed.

I see thy landscapes fair and green,
With villas clustering o'er the scene,
Where wealth with splendor vies;
The rose still blossoms in the vale,
And lilies gem the verdant dale,
Beneath thy genial skies.

Officious memory ponders o'er
Those scenes to be enjoyed no more—
Bright pageants of an hour—
When millions bent the ready knee,
And hailed their royal lord in me,
And owned my matchless power.

Then I could lead my armies far
To roll the purple flood of war,
The battle-stirring shock;
But now an exile, far from home,
Where circumambient billows foam,
On St. Helena's rock.

I, who once had no tear to flow,
No sigh to heave, no fear to show,
In durance must remain

Till death shall rive my prison-rock;
While Europe's haughty monarchs mock,
And triumph o'er my pain.

Why did my power so strangely fail?
That once made Europe's monarchs quail,
And solid empires shake:
I am not what I used to be—
The star that ruled my destiny
No more from gloom shall break.

O, Austrian bride!—ambition's dower!—
A precipice o'erstrown with flowers
With deep regret I see:
From me that magic strength was torn,
Like Sampson's when his locks were shorn,
And weakness left for me.

But since 't is so, I must submit,
And all my former pomp forget,
And here yield up my life—
Far from my son and tender bride,
Ambition's victim—once my pride,
But now my *absent* wife.

No more with fate will I contend—
Soon will life's warfare have an end,
And I, *alone*, shall sleep
On this remote ignoble shore,
Where southern billows wildly roar,
And nightly wailings keep.

M. R. G.

CHAPTERS ON LIFE AS IT IS. NO. III.

THE POLITICIAN AND HIS WIFE.

THE people have assembled ; the hour has arrived when all listen with eager expectation to catch the first footfall of the lecturer. Anon, a noble form enters. With a lofty air, and dignified step, he crosses the hall. So absorbed is he with his own thoughts, that he seems totally unconscious of the presence of any other person. Not so the lady in black, near the stand ; escorted thither by a friend, she has been engaged in quiet conversation ; and, though every observer would pronounce her beautiful, yet no one would mistrust her calm and passionless eye, that of the distinguished authoress, Mrs. ———, whose exquisite poetry, and poetic prose, have thrilled the hearts of admiring thousands. But the moment her husband approaches, for the lecturer is no other, her countenance lights up with almost angelic radiance, and her eye, (not the “love-darting eye” of the poet’s heroine) before so passionless, pours forth a flood of inconceivable tenderness. O with what pride and fondness does she gaze on the lordly being as he strides past her, without even a glance. But she heeds it not ; and, as he rises to speak, seems to lose her own individuality, and live only in the rich intonations of his voice, as he discourses of the philosophy of cause and effect, as exemplified in our social and political institutions. No one who beholds her now, lighted with the fires of intellect, can doubt her possession of genius, and genius of a high order.

But why, sir, do you not cast a glance toward the gentle creature who thus hangs in rapture on your words ? The fire of her eye, would add inspiration to your philosophical reasoning, and thus send its gladdening influence to every heart in the assembly.

But the claims of society, party, and country, engross his whole attention. At length the *hour* is past, the pleased audience disperse, and the haughty politician is transformed to the fond and devoted husband, as he leads her away, a “glory and ornament upon his right arm.”

H. J.

YOU MUST FORGET.

DID you say I must learn to forget ? It surely is a hard lesson—very hard. I have studied it long without the least success. Much easier, I think, would it be for me to learn to die than to forget. But there are things I would forget. Yes, I would forget that the cold stare of indifference ever comes from loved ones, going down into the soul with its iron hand grasping—O how tightly !—the quivering chords of affection, which were they free, and the gentle zephyrs of love breathed among them, would cheer, with their sweet sympathizing tones, the lone sick heart that is wearied from long hours of toil. And I would forget that pride, selfishness, and guilt are in our world. Pride, the haughty, scornful, contemptible pride of weak man ; and selfishness, that looks gaping, with its dull expressionless orbs, on the pale, wan

one who approaches, but to bestow, upon its statue-like visage, one imploring look—then to shrink, timidly and silently, away into the dark death-enveloping shadows of poverty. And the damp chilly fog of guilt, that is gliding with its noiseless serpent-like tread through fairy fields, which were decked but for the reception of angel purity, and along the banks of musical rivulets, silencing harmonious voices, which gushed forth there in one deep chorus of love. See—ah, see the one with its changing hue, while this haggard fiend weeps with his desolating power on, on; and mark—O, mark with grief the hush of voices, which came but so lately with their touching melody across the waters—waters which now pass listlessly along, with no ripple of pure joy on its troubled surface, dancing to the soft breath of innocence. Could I but forget these things, and if forgetting would blot them from existence, it would be worth the while for me to endeavor to perform this allotted task. But a sad truth comes in here: they would remain a scourge and curse. O why is it so? Why will not men and women learn that to be virtuous, is to be blessed and happy, and with a firm hand shake off their prisoner badges, free themselves from the contemptible influence of sin, and come out and bask in the glorious sunlight of religion? What a celestial abode this earth might be, if all would grasp the standard of holiness, unfurl its banner to the breeze of heaven, and march steadily, courageously on, in despite of the occasional whisperings of the tempter. The valleys and hills, methinks, would send forth a cry of joy—the streams and birds, green trees and fields would sing anthems of praise, but their praise would be to God—none to man; and would not the voice of God be heard, speaking in the calm stillness of night, from out the heavens, saying, “Well done: receive thy reward”?

ADELINE.

NO CONFIDENCE WHERE THERE IS NO PRINCIPLE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THREE inhabitants of Balek were travelling together; they found a treasure, and divided it; they continued their journey, conversing about the use to which they should put their riches. The food which they had taken with them was consumed; they agreed that one of them should go to purchase more at the village, and the youngest took upon himself the commission. He departed.

He said to himself on the way: Behold how rich I am; but I should be much better off, if I had been alone when the treasure was found. These two men have shared the money. Can I not retake it. That will be easy for me to do. I shall only have to poison the food which I am going to purchase; on my return I will say that I have dined at the village; my companions will eat without distrust, and they will die. I now have only a third of the treasure, but then I shall have all.

Meanwhile the other two travellers said to themselves: We have been obliged to share the treasure with this young man; his part will increase ours, and then we shall truly be rich. He will return—we have good poinards.

The young man returned with the poisoned food; his companions assassinated him: they eat; they died; and the treasure belonged to no one.

E. W. S.

STORIES FROM THE LINN-SIDE. No. VIII.

THE BROKEN VOW.

'Tis strange to think, if we could fling aside
 The masque and mantle, that love wears from pride,
 How much would be, we now so little guess,
 Deep in each heart's undream'd, unsought recess!
 The careless smile, like a gay banner borne,
 The laugh of merriment, the lip of scorn,—
 And, for a cloak, what is there that can be
 So difficult to pierce, as gaiety? * *

Where is the heart that has not bow'd,
 A slave, eternal Love, to thee?
 Look on the cold, the gay, the proud,
 And is there one among them free?

And what must love be, in a heart
 All passion's fiery depths concealing,
 Which has, in its minutest part,
 More than another's whole of feeling!

London.

"THANK Heaven, I am once more in my own room," said Ida Hastings, as she threw herself sobbing upon the sofa, and commenced unclasping the richly set brilliants which encircled her polished brow, and lent additional lustre to the dark waving hair that fell upon a neck as white as the unsullied snow. "Alas! it is too true," she exclaimed, as she dashed the tears from her eyes, and simple indeed that I was, to think there was aught of truth in man, the 'lord of creation,' as he would fain style himself; but it is even so, and the fearful truth has burst upon me, like the gushing forth of a volcano, that he, who called the GREAT I AM as a witness to the solemn vow that is registered in Heaven, should become a traitor to his country, and break his plighted word to her whom he had promised to shield from the cold world's cruel scorn. How very difficult it is," she continued musingly, "to believe that he, with all his pretended sense of honor, should so soon desert one whose very existence depended upon his smiles. Though many kind and true friends endeavored to persuade me that he was unworthy of my slightest regard—yes, though they even said that the haughty Turk would not be more exacting than he when I was once in his power, and that tyranny and jealousy were the predominant traits of his character, yet I believed them not. I thought they were too fastidious, and magnified small failings into great faults, but it may be too true; and she touched the strings of her guitar, and sang the following song.

'Tis over, 'tis over, and the rosy wreathed brow
 Can scarcely conceal the mournful heart now;
 For the banner's unfurled, and the drums beat to arms,
 And the farewell is spoken mid battle alarms.

With her light fairy fingers and bright smiling face,
 On the brow of her warrior the helmet she placed,
 And the trusty old sword she then hung by his side,
 And said, "May good angels be ever thy guide."

But he knew not the wo that bright mantle concealed,
That the fond heart was breaking 'neath Gayety's shield;
His dreams were of glory and Fame's brilliant star,
And his vows were forgot mid the tumults of war.

But her bright sunny smile for ever has fled,
Yet firmly and proudly her farewell was said;
Oh, careless the word which love's bright chain could sever,
But when it once parted, 't was broken for ever!

"If the rosy wreath cannot conceal my sorrow, these gems *must*," said Ida, as she held them up before the mellow light of the astral lamp, "and none shall know the misery of the heart that beats beneath, for it is far better that it should break than for a moment to bend. Of what materials can the heart of man be formed, when he is convinced that he is strongly and devotedly loved, to cast from him the being so truly his own, and so dependent upon his smiles for her all of earthly bliss! The world may indeed smile at his inconstancy, but the hour will come when the glitter of false joys will be dimmed; then will he seek in vain for that consolation that is given to the 'pure in heart.' And will it not sometimes appear to him as if all the better feelings of his nature have been wrested from his bosom, and cast upon the cold marble in the season of frost."

"His hand is on the snowy sail,
His step is on the prow,
And back the cold night-winds have flung
The dark curls from his brow;
That brow, to which his native heaven
A something of itself has given.

* * * * *

Upon that youthful brow are traced
High impulses like these;
But all too purposeless, like gales
That wander o'er the seas;
Not winds that bear the vessel on,
Fix'd to one point, and only one.

* * * * *

Ay, leave thy rudder to the wave,
Thy sail upon the wind,
Leave them to chance, and they will be
Fit likeness of thy mind:
Unguided sail, unmastered prow,
Are only emblems;—What art thou?"

The rosy tints of an evening long ere the commencement of our story had deepened into the dark shades of night, and a soft faint obscurity wrapped all surrounding objects, when Randolph Mandeville wended his way to the house of Ida Hastings, to bid her a long adieu, or one at least which seemed to him long; for he had been called to cross the great waters to fight for his country and his home; and even then he could almost see in the distance the star of fame that he fancied would soon encircle his brow.

"Oh, how rejoiced I am that you have come," exclaimed Ida, as she met him at the door, and led him to a seat, "for I have so much to say to you."

"And pray what have you to tell me?" said Randolph laughing, and gazing tenderly upon her face that was covered with blushes.

"I will tell you," she replied. "I am not superstitious, neither do I believe in dreams, but I had so strange a vision, last night, that I cannot forget it. I thought I was far, far away from the cold regions of the North—away from the 'hundred and one dear friends' that ever stand ready to give advice, and to warn me of the many dangers into which giddy youth may fall; and that privileged person too was not remembered, who, not a week since, told me he would rather see me a lifeless corpse—yes, he said he would rather the grave would open and hide me from his sight, than that I should ever stand before the altar, by the side of—But no matter, I was far away from all that speaks ill of thee, from all who would persuade me that wealth and fame are the only avenues to happiness. I was beneath the sunny sky of Italy, and all was joy and pleasure, for it was a gala day there; but I had naught to do with the gay revellers; the orange groves invited me to repose myself beneath their fragrant shade; scarcely was I seated before you threw yourself by my side, and we were so happy that we did not notice the flight of time, for you were forming plans for the future, when we should no more part on earth. But quickly the sky became overcast with black heavy clouds, and there was a wild shriek. I looked in the direction from whence it proceeded, and there I saw a hideous-looking bird, with a snake suspended in its beak over our heads; it seemed that you did not perceive it, and before I could warn you of your danger, it fell and coiled itself about your neck; I sank back, and uttered a cry of agony, which awoke me. Now, Randolph, can you tell me from what kind of a precipice I am about to fall?"

Randolph started up hastily, and looked in her face, while the crimson blood shot over his forehead in an instant. He threw his arms around her, and looked into her eyes without speaking, as though he would read all that was passing there.

"Oh! Ida," he said at last, "your dream was nothing but the wanderings of a disordered imagination; and if you will trust your happiness with me, there shall be nothing neglected on my part to make your life pass like a summer's day; yes, it will always be my dearest pleasure to make you happy; and may the vengeance of Heaven rest upon my head, if I depart from the truth I have sworn to you."

"Nay, Randolph, I did not doubt your constancy," said the fond-hearted trusting girl; and the dream was forgotten when he spoke of his departure for a foreign clime. Many were the promises, and many the vows he made before he left her, who would have been as a bright star in his pathway through life.

Months passed by, and many were the letters which were received by Ida, breathing of love and of the happy day when he should return to claim her as his bride; and flattering indeed were the praises bestowed upon him through the public prints, for his integrity and valor; and proud was she to think, that he who had all her woman's love, had not proved himself unworthy of that trust. But

"A change came o'er the spirit of her dream"—

and it came like the lightning's flash—for before a year had expired, Ran-

dolph Mandeville had become a traitor to his country, and had been united to an heiress of rank. Thus ended all his high notions of honor; and broken vows and broken hearts were amid the things that were forgotten. It was at a brilliant assembly where she first heard of his perfidy, for her friends had concealed it from her, intending gradually to give her the fatal information; but she saw it all as she accidentally took up a newspaper at Mrs. Barkly's party; and there it was stated that a large reward would be given for his body, dead or alive. But she did not faint, for all the pride that flowed in the veins of her haughty family was now excited. She laid the paper down indignantly, and joined the dancers, and none knew that the gay jest and merry laugh were concealing a breaking heart; and it was not until she had retired to the solitude of her own room that she gave vent to her lone suppressed feelings and thanked Heaven that she could do so.

Years, years have rolled away, and a convict is lying in a loathsome prison, loaded with chains; but once more is he allowed to see the glorious light of the sun, for he is condemned to die the felon's death. Hark! he kneels in prayer; and what is the first crime he asks to be forgiven? Alas! it is the Broken Vow, for never has prosperity attended him since he so recklessly broke the promise he made to one who was far too pure to link her fate with his, and who, too late for her own peace of mind, learned that he had not been misrepresented—that her friends spoke truly when they said that tyranny and jealousy were the leading traits of his character; and it was jealousy that led him to commit the deed for which he was now condemned. The massive door is slowly opened, and a sister of charity enters the doomed man's cell, to see if she can pour one drop of consolation into the overflowing cup of his misery. She looks and starts back, and the name of Randolph trembles upon her lips, while he throws himself before her with his chains all clanking, saying,

"Ida, forgive me, and I die in peace."

"You have long been forgiven," she answered, "and may God forgive you as freely as I have done. Too long I worshipped you to the exclusion of every thing else, and it was you yourself that broke the spell, and now I see how wild was my idolatry. I am changed now; but you know not the struggle it cost me; yet it was all for my good, for now I see how worthless were the many years I spent in gaiety, a mere butterfly of fashion. But that is all passed away, and I hope, by a life of charity, to do much good;" and she offered up a prayer before the throne of the Most High, for the forgiveness of her brother that had erred.

He would fain have thanked her, but his heart was too full for utterance. She bade him adieu. He felt that he was a better and a happier man for that prayer. And in conclusion we would say, follow her example—forgive as you hope to be forgiven.

LORE.

"O WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTALS BE PROUD?"

THERE is nothing that will make man feel his own littleness, and the very small part he occupies in this world, more than to walk among the graves of the departed—to stand by the tomb-stone that marks the resting place of one who, but a short time before, was like himself full of life and health—whose hold on life was apparently as strong as his own, but who now lies beneath the green sod, where neither the sun's bright glance, nor the moon's mild

rays can reach him. He may go away, and amid the jostling busy crowd those feelings may be stilled; he may turn away from his fellow-man with a cold and haughty look, as though he would say, "I am holier than thou;" but here, as he stands with the silent dead around him, a sense of his own unworthiness rushes upon his mind, and he is humbled and rebuked. He may be proud of his wealth, of the display he can make before the world, and scorn to be seen in the company of the poor but honest laborer; but when he realizes the truth that the same narrow home awaits alike the rich and the poor—that the frail tenement of which he was so proud, will soon rest beneath the same sod that covers his dependent brother, his pride is subdued, and for a time he can look upon his fellow-man as on a brother.

It would be well for us if we would more frequently leave the gilded halls of pleasure, and direct our steps to the spot where, undisturbed by the noise and clamor of the world, the dead repose. As we stand upon that consecrated ground, with the trees waving gently over us, and the birds singing sweetly among the branches, and reflect that beneath the same sod which our feet now lightly press, we may in a short time repose, shall we not in deep humility exclaim, "*O why should the spirit of mortals be proud?*"

M.

SADNESS.

THERE are moments in our lives when weariness and desolation sit brooding over the downcast spirit, like the angel of death with wings outspread, shutting out every cheering ray of light from the broad blue skies of hope, and casting a gloom, blacker than the shades of midnight, over the soul. There are moments when the spirit shrinks within itself, as the mildew of disappointment settles heavily upon it, withering all its joys, and blasting in the bud all its fondest anticipations. The wail of sadness swells in every fitful breeze; it deepens in every passing gale, drowning the joyous melody of Hope's sweet song in its deep notes of woe.

This feeling of sadness comes over us at times, we hardly know how, or why. It may be caused, perhaps, at one time, by the sound of a long-forgotten favorite song, once heard from the lips of one now slumbering in the grave; and again, it is caused by one word of remembrance—by a leaf, a flower, or by a simple token of an absent one's love. It may be, perchance, that some deep feeling of the heart is stirred, some hidden chord vibrates to the touch of memory, or some emotion that had long slept, is awakened to action. Mysterious sadness! It passes over the spirit, like the shadow of a cloud upon the landscape, flitting over hill, meadow and rivulet, and leaving no token behind to tell where its path has been. It passes away like the shadow, and the glad sun of Hope beams more brightly than before; her skies are of a deeper blue, while Pleasure's songsters swell a sweeter lay, and the soul dances for joy. Ah! there is no messenger like sadness in this dark world, as the token of joys to come. It is the bitter drop before the cup of bliss, rendering joy more sweet by its contrast with sorrow. Come to me then, Sadness!—come to me at the morning's dawn, at the dewy hour of even, or to my couch in the still midnight, and I will welcome thee as a messenger from the world of unseen realities that lie around my path, knowing full well that though thy form be dark and shadowy, yet hope, and joy, and sunlight linger in thy footsteps, and follow in thy train. D.

GARFILENA.

A HUNGARIAN TALE.

CHAPTER I.

In the interior of Hungary the observant tourist may still see an ancient and magnificent castle, which, for many hundred years, has been the residence of a line of Magyar nobles, whom we shall here call the Counts Sczhenevi.

A broad moat surrounds the embattled walls, and its massive parapets, and huge bastions, are evidence of the strength of the mighty pile; but the position of the castle is far from being one of great security. It is not surrounded by those lofty crags, or deep precipices, which so often, in that country, form impregnable fortifications; but, for miles around, there are gentle slopes, and flowery fields, occasionally interspersed with groves of linden, or clusters of weeping birch. Among these verdant pastures the herdsmen tend the flocks and kine, which form such a proportion of the wealth of a Hungarian magnate; and, sheltered amid a clump of walnuts, are even now the mud hovels in which the serfs sustain a life which is dedicated to their lord.

Farther from the castle the scenery is wilder—the slopes increase to hills, and the hills swell into mountains, whose sides are sometimes rough and ragged with hoary rocks, and sometimes covered with the dark fir, pine and cypress. Among these summits, and the fearfully dark glades which separate them, the counts, and their retainers, hunt the fierce bear, or the fiercer boar—dashing, to the ringing sounds of the horn, through the tangled thickets, leaping the yawning chasms, and scaling the jagged rocks. Among the hills, which are covered with woods, or, oftener still, with clustering vines, the Eypal winds its way to the Danube, and here the scenery is highly picturesque. But whether the varied beauties, which are presented in one view from the castle of Sczhenevi, were the attractions which fixed to this spot the founder of his house, or whether he was naturally less warlike than most of his cotemporaries, none now may tell; but, at the period of my tale, the Count Sczhenevi was as peaceful a lord as ever rejoiced that his habitation was far from the tumult and danger of the frontier, and as ardent an admirer of the scenery around him as could be found in the jurisdiction of the Emperor. A kind and indulgent lord was he to the menials who crouched around him; a devoted husband to the sweet countess, who had left the pageants of Buda to share his secluded retreat; and an idolizing father to the beautiful boy who was sole heir to his affections, and his honors.

The young Count Emerich was a boy whom any mother might love, and of whom any father might well be proud. Even in childhood his lofty demeanor told that the blood of the ancient Magyari swelled proudly in his veins, and there were hopes—aye, and fears—for the time when he should rule in the place of his indulgent father.

There were hopes; and those whose hearts beat highest with anticipation were those who oftenest knelt at the shrine of St. Josef, and saw that the brave boy, who had never bowed the knee to man, was unfailing in his devotions to his patron saint; and who augured from this a more rigid rule than that which had viewed so leniently the faint tincture of heresy which

had spread among the peasantry, and had not burned at the stake the few among them who openly advocated the doctrines of Jerome of Prague. There were fears, and the dread was not confined to the few who had strayed from the flock of good Father Niklas, who exhorted the aliens, and prayed night and morning to St. Josef for their salvation.

Those who, with them, looked with dark presentiments upon the high-spirited child, were those who would never own his sway, and had never paid fealty for the privileges they had enjoyed. These were a band of *Tzigani*, or gipsies, who for many years had made their home among the hills in the vicinity of the castle. A beautiful spot, in a recess of vine-covered rocks, had been first their rendezvous, and then their dwelling place; and, though the band was often small, in consequence of the absence of numbers upon marauding expeditions, or excursions for barter, or palmistry, yet they felt safe, in their feebleness, from vexation by the good-natured count, and the smoke, from their fires, ascended the sky, at morn and eve, with the dense cloud which went up from the huge chimneys of the castle. In return for the favor which they had received from the tender-hearted magnate, was granted to him an exemption from spoliation, which was very grateful to him; and an assurance that he and his were free from the possibility of harm.

The children of the serfs often met in pastime with the wild children of the forest, and their mothers contented themselves with a muttered prayer, or a sign of the cross, as they saw them leaping together the pointed rocks, or basking in the bright sunshine of the hills. Neither were the children of these two different nations the only ones who met in amity. The old withered beldame of the forest gossiped with the feeble crone at the village fire-side, and told fortunes to the young maidens who met at moonlight in the linden grove. The strong-limbed fierce-eyed *Tzigani* proffered to the herdsman the surplus of an unusually fortunate poaching expedition, or gave to the son of a serf a knowledge of the bow-string, which might make him an abler defender or rebel to his lord. And more frequent than these were the meetings of the lithe-limbed, light-footed offspring of the *Tzigani*, and the light-haired, heavier-formed youth of the peasantry. Bright-eyed gipsy girls sang their sweetest songs to the flaxen-headed clowns, who stood with them where the stars were looking down into the Eypal; and graceful striplings sprang, with a light bound, into the shade of the trysting tree, and sent the bright flashes of their dark orbs into the mild blue eyes, which were upturned to theirs with a mingled expression of joy and terror. There were living witnesses to attest that these meetings were not always sinless, even had it ever been right for the children of the Church to hold communion with these offspring of Belial.

CHAPTER II.

The sun was shining brightly, one autumn eve, upon the battlements of the castle, and his last rays shed a roseate glow over the snowy robes, and fair pale face, of the Countess Sczhenevi, as she walked the ramparts to watch her husband's return from a hunt. The boy-count was by his mother's side, and when his eagle glance had failed to descry what she hoped was within the limits of vision, and he had assured her that his father and their friends were not in sight, she yielded, for a moment, to her innate love of the beautiful, and pointed to her child the loveliest features in the landscape which was his patrimony. The undulating fields below them were yet green as with the verdure of spring, but their golden tinge contrasted with the lofty

groves amid them, the sullen evergreen heights which towered above them, and the dark winding line which marked the course of the Eypal. At the north, and far above their wood-crowned mountains, could be dimly seen, in the distance, some nearer summits of the Carpathian ridge, seeming but a darker tracing upon the blue sky; to the west, and south, were their vine-covered hills, now rich with the luscious grape; and, to the west, was the sun, sinking into a deep rift between two lofty mountains, black with their dense forests, save where the king of day had robed them with a golden shroud. The sky-chasm, into which he was descending, seemed like a lake of liquid gold between those beetling heights, and above him hung a floating canopy of red and purple; while, from the loftiest pinnacle of the hills, one long bright cloud stretched, like a golden streamer, into the deep blue ether. Below them were the herdsmen collecting the kine for the night, and the barking of the wolf-dog mingled with the voice of the nightingale. From the fires of the gipsies curled up a lazy cloud of smoke, and their supple forms could be seen at sport beneath the long shadows of the trees. Within a stone's throw of the castle was the mud village of the peasantry, now alive with the serfs who congregated thither at nightfall; and, far among the hills, at length was seen the returning band of huntsmen.

"Emerich, my boy," said the countess, "let us take the path that leads to the hills, and meet your father. Methinks the walk will give us pleasure for its own sake, and it will seem to him an act of grace, which cannot fail to please."

"Aye, mother," said the boy, "and thou hast a bold heart to venture from the walls at nightfall, with but a child like me; yet it seemeth to me that even this slight arm could shield thee from all harm, so that St. Josef did not desert me. And," he continued, as he led the way from the battlements, "it suiteth me much better to meet their return than to watch for their coming; and I doubt not but the day, which will see me one in the hunters' band, will be far more joyful to the father who has taught me to rejoice in the hope of such sports, than to the mother who then will watch alone for our return."

"Holy Mother!" exclaimed the countess, blanching at the thought of the day when her son should leave her side, for the perils of the chase. "Virgin Mother of Christ! by the love thou didst bear thine own son, keep mine from harm! and, by the memory of the anguish with which thou waited for his death, spare me the pain of ever seeing mine a mangled corpse!"

"Nay, mother!" said the boy, with a smile; "save your prayers for the day when I go forth to greater perils than the mountain chase; for that day will be when I take the rusty old sword of the dead Magyar from its sheath in the chapel, and gird it on to fight with fellow-men. Sign not the cross! for St. Josef has answered my prayer, that I may be a warrior; and, if I never hear my country's call, then will I fight yon foul Tzigani, and that black herd shall covert elsewhere than in sight of the walls of my fathers."

"Holy Marie, and St. Josef, forbid!" replied the countess, "for the land is broad enough for them and thee to dwell in peace; but, if you raise their ire, then better were it for the castle to be laid even with the ground, by fire or war, than for the Magyar race, who dwell therein, to waste away beneath their arts and sorceries. '*Requiescat in pace*,' says Father Niklas, which, as I take it, means *let them alone*."

"Send Father Niklas to the Tzigani himself! with his Latin foolery; and he would do well for a priest there, were they but godly enough to have one; for did not Franz, the herdsman, say that the young child which The-

rese carried to the altar for baptism was none of his, but had a gipsy father? and Father Niklas must have heard of it, at the confessional, long before the snaky eyes, and lank black locks of the child had told the tale to others."

Ere the mother could reply, the steps of both were arrested by the sweetest gush of music that ever swelled, from tree or thicket, upon the evening breeze. It was not like the strains of the nightingale, or the warbling of other birds, but the varying beauty of their songs were joined with the greater power, and prolonged richness, of the human voice.

"An angel!" said the countess, raising her eyes to heaven.

"A fairy!" said the young Emerich, looking into the thicket.

The sound was stationary, and the dauntless boy stepped to the spot from whence it proceeded. A few steps brought the countess in view of the place where the singer was standing, leaning against a rock, from which gushed a sparkling cascade. The water fell in silver spray into a dark pool, and on its surface were floating the withered flowers, which the child plucked from her garlands, as she sung for them, or the passing day, a sweet low requiem. Neither the mother or her son had ever seen that girl before, but her name had been long upon the lips of the villagers, for it was "the child of song"—it was Garfilena.

CHAPTER III.

Garfilena—how shall we describe her? She was a child; with the innocence, the purity, the artlessness, trust, and gaiety, of childhood; and with these she had the gift of *genius*, endowing her with the quick perceptions, the keen insight, the deep feelings, of the woman. To say that she was a songstress, and to say no more, would give but a faint idea of this favored being; but young, ignorant, and uncared-for, in song alone could she pour forth the swelling tide of thought and feeling which might not be restrained. Sweet and thrilling as were her warblings, they were but the overflowings of a heart, which contained within its depths something better than a mere tide of song.

"Undine!" exclaimed the countess; and the child looked up from the glittering spray. But brilliant and earnest as was the glance of her full dark eye, and replete with a wild intense expression as was every feature and muscle of her finely cut countenance, yet it was too distinct, too clear, too full of life, to belong to those spirits of the water. Every lineament of her face was defined, as with the sharp chisel of the sculptor, but their expression constantly varied, with that of her soul-beaming eyes; and her long dark waving tresses softened into earthliness the figure which they adorned. The blood rushed with a painful violence to her cheeks, brow, and neck, as she met the gaze of the countess; but, when the young count started quickly towards her, it receded as quickly, leaving her pale and rigid as a marble statue.

At that moment the hoofs of the huntsmen's steeds were heard, and the ground trembled beneath the cavalcade. The countess started to the path, and met her husband, who led the horsemen. He bounded from his saddle, threw the reins to his son, who vaulted into the vacant seat, and joined his wife in her homeward walk. The countess told him of the child, and they went together to the cascade, but she had disappeared. The next day they made inquiries among the villagers, and the result was an increased feeling of wonder and curiosity. None knew aught of the birth and parentage of the girl. When her sweet songs had first attracted their notice, she was a wanderer. One and another, of the kind peasants, had given her food and

lodging, and asked no return but that she would warble one sweet strain. The days were spent in rambles among the birds and flowers, and at night she came to the hut where they offered her milk and bread. The last and longest visit had been at the home of the aged and feeble grandmother of the frail Therese.

The countess requested that Garfilena should be brought to the castle. Young Emerich stood by his mother's side as the child was brought into her presence. He watched for the effect of the fretted ceiling, the tapestried walls, and oriel windows. The girl was not awe-struck—she did not shrink or tremble. In her the susceptibility to beauty was paramount to all other influences, and she raised her face, all radiant with joy, to the many-colored light which streamed through the painted glass.

The countess questioned her, mildly but closely, of her home and friends. She had no other friends but the villagers—they were all kind. She had many homes—none that she loved better than the forest water-fall. She then endeavored to recall her earliest remembrances, but the joys of her recent existence appeared to have effaced the recollection of the time when she could not sing, and dance, and ramble in the forest. She had been hungry and weary, but she sung herself to sleep. She had been alone, and afraid, in the tangled thicket, but the birds chanted such sweet hymns to her as dispelled her fears. She had been where no human beings had traced her footsteps, and the gay flowers were thick around her, the beautiful insects sported before her, the squirrels gamboled gaily with her, and the birds mingled their songs with hers. They asked her if no one had ever *loved* her—if she had never been regarded with an affection different from all these. A vague remembrance came to her of one who had caressed her with tears and smiles; who had pressed her to her bosom with an ardent impulse. But it might have been in a dream, for she had often sighed for the love which blessed the other children that she knew. Yet she had invariably shrunk from every caress of the rude peasantry, though yearning for a love which they could never bestow.

This was all that they could ascertain. The countess made her come and live at the castle, and for a few days it was her home.

The young count took her to the great hall, and shew her the mail and panoply of war. They did not please her; but when the light from the stained windows fell upon her she told him how she had once stood in a forest aisle, when the setting sun bathed her in hues like these. He pointed to her the massive pillars which supported the vaulted roof, and she told him of a cavern, among the hills, where the rocks were pillars for a mightier dome. He shew her the fountain beneath his mother's window, and she said there were many in the forest which were more beautiful.

He took her to the chapel of St. Josef, and shew her the great picture of the Savior on the cross. She turned away, with a shriek of sympathy for such agony as it portrayed, and would never enter the chapel again. Then he took her to the convent of St. Christine, and she smiled as she heard their soft vesper chants, and when the nuns played to her upon the harp, for never before had she listened to a cultivated lay.

They shew her the picture of the Madonna, pressing to her heart the infant Jesus, and for the first time she shed tears; and that picture was henceforth a shrine to her; for, in that lovely form, she had embodied the remembrance of a love and caress which had lingered with her through her solitary childhood.

The castle was but a transient home for Garfilena, for she loved a freer

life, and could not brook the restraints which the countess would have imposed upon her. She strayed again to the village—she visited once more her old haunts, where she was often sought by Count Emerich.

CHAPTER IV.

There were many conjectures in the castle respecting the mysterious child. Her love of nature, and of freedom—her raven hair, and dark flashing eyes—her strongly expressive features, her lithe form, buoyant step, and native gracefulness—her gift of song, and an indefinable something, like softened wildness, in her manner—led to the belief that she belonged to the Tzigani. But her lighter complexion, her waving locks, her clear soft skin, the promise of rounder developments in womanhood, her refinement of feeling, and her unconquerable aversion to the gipsy horde, were unfavorable to this belief. The latter the countess supposed might have been the effect of harsh treatment in infancy, which had produced an impression upon her sensitive mind, that remained long after its cause had been forgotten. But, if not wholly one of the Tzigani, might she not be the offspring of a peasant girl, and gipsy gallant? In this way they could account for the kindness of Therese's grandam; for she might know if there was an affinity between Garfilena and the half-gipsy infant. But the young count would listen to none of these surmises. He hated the Tzigani; and Garfilena, whom he now loved with the strongest of all his boyish passions, liked them not; and he declared that their blood was not in her. She was evidently not Hungarian. She could not be a descendant of the Magyari, and her mind was too lofty for the child of a serf. There was one other supposition—she had been stolen by the Tzigani, in some excursion into the north of Italy, and they had banished her, from the fear of some evil consequences; or she had banished herself, from instinctive aversion.

The peasantry had a wider scope for conjecture. Their belief was strong in the marvellous, and Garfilena was to them a supernatural being. She was the child of a wood nymph; the offspring of a gnome, and an undine? or an impersonation of the spirit of song.

What cared young Emerich for all these? She was his Garfilena—not his sister, playfellow, songstress, teacher, or *enamored*. But she was a something compounded of all these. He roamed with her through the forests, and there she sang her "woodnotes wild." He stood with her by the Eypal, within the shade of the lofty trees, which had planted their great black spreading feet even in the rushing water, and there her voice mingled with the flowing stream. They climbed together the steep green banks, and in the music of her tones he forgot his weariness. They roamed together among the vineyards on the hills, and her gay laugh, and sprightly gossip, chimed well with the buzz of the flies, and the chirp of the crickets. Sometimes they clambered together the ragged mountains, and it was her joyous ringing notes which inspired him with strength and courage. There, standing on some lofty pinnacle, they saw at morn the misty shroud lifted from the low valleys, or roll up like a scroll from the hills; and there they stood at noon, in the rifts of the rocks, while the thundergust went by, and the lightnings played around them.

They loved to be where the scenery was most beautiful—where, from the torrent-bed of the river, the hills were highest and steepest; and were most thickly covered with their beautiful shrubs, of every tint, "light gold, russet brown, silver ash, pale green, scarlet red, orange, and the incomparable blue of the iris."

While Garfilena gazed upon the opposite banks, where, among the craggy heights, were long rank grass, ferns, and brambles, gnarled boughs, interlacing each other with a hideous embrace, and old trees, scathed by lightning, lying prostrate in every direction—while the girl looked at these her companion made garlands for her brow, in which the flowers of the convolvulus mingled with the bells of other flowering creepers, glowing in every tint, from the delicate white of the lily, to the deep transparent pink of the wild rose. The most fragrant sprigs of the mountain-mint he bound into a dark boquet, which contrasted with the snowy bosom in which it was placed. One gush of song from the little improvisatrice would reward him for all his pains, and then they would descend together to some lower slope, which overlooked a tiny tributary of the Eypal, where they rested upon the elastic turf, beneath the downy and rustling foliage of the arbeal trees, which breathed around them a shadowy coolness. And when recovered from their fatigue they plucked the clusters of wild cyclamen, which enamelled the turf with “their pencilled silver leaves, and lilac blossoms;” gathered the pale blossoms of the wood-sorrel, which trembled amid their tufts of tenderest green; and inhaled the odor from the beds of violets, which lay along the slopes.

It seemed to the little count as though he could not live without this “child of song,” as her name was interpreted by the Tzigani. He flew to her side from the instructions of Father Niklas, and from those of Drechsler, his tutor in manly sports; and the peasantry said the boy was enchanted. It was true that with him existence had changed. Garfilena had become his companion when the sports of infancy had failed to please him. He had no brother, no sister, no friend to share the youthful feelings of his heart. He longed for a variation of the monotonous life he led at the castle, and hoped for it only in the wild tumults of war, and the chase. Yet there was a love of something better than these within him, and these holier impulses had blended with the dogmas of a rigid faith. He had an innate love of purity; his affection was strong for his gentle mother, he honored the nuns of St. Christine, and detested the bold daughters of the Tzigani.

Garfilena differed from all these. Her strange gifts of person and mind exerted a powerful influence over him; the beauty of her countenance, and graces of her manner, deepened into enthusiasm the interest which he would have felt for any lovely child; and the innate purity of her character preserved, through years of intercourse, her involuntary sway over her young patron.

CHAPTER V.

The years, which passed thus happily over Garfilena, changed the child to a maiden. Yes, there was a change, though imperceptible to herself, and to others; and she would still have appeared the same had not those years changed her position in the little community around her, more than they did herself. Emerich and Garfilena could no longer frolic together with the freedom of childhood. There was something within which told them both of this, and they heard it from others.

The differences in their characters became more perceptible as they grew older. Emerich was naturally in manner stern and blunt; in religion he was bigoted; and to his dependents he was haughty and severe. To the Tzigani he was cruel and contemptuous; and the countess feared that they might wreak their vengeance on her child.

It had been fortunate for the young count that Garfilena had been his

companion. When young girls feel a tender interest in one of the other sex they usually imbibe the same tone of character; their minds become a faint reflection of the stronger influence which is upon them. But Garfilena had so much of character, and it was of so peculiar a kind, that she influenced Emerich more than she was influenced by him.

They were unlike; but there is "an attraction of antagonism," and that was the spell upon the young count. How often when they had stood together by the hill-side, and his hand had been raised to deal a deadly blow, had he let the reptile crawl away in safety, because her light touch upon his arm had said, "Forbear!" How often when he pointed with pride to the shields, helmets, corslets, and bucklers, in the armory, had she turned away with horror, and whispered, "Forgive your enemies!" How often when uttering anathemas against some blundering serf, or impudent Tzigani, had her hand been placed upon his mouth, and her eyes fixed upon his, with an intense upbraiding look, which shamed him into self-control. He felt that in her there was none of the rude pride of the Magyari, none of the fierce valor of the Tzigani, but there was a lofty fearlessness which said that she was not the child of a serf. Was she not some stolen princess, from a softer clime? one worthy by birth, as by nature, to be, through life, what she had been in his boyhood, his better genius—his guardian angel? Even in childhood, there had been in her an exuberance of life which imbued all, susceptible to its influences, with its own tinge; and now he felt that he was different with her. In the companionship of others he was harsh and impetuous—with her he was kind and gentle, and her subduing graces were to him "like shadows on a spring."

And if there was in him a latent gentleness, which responded only to hers, so there was in her a strength which, for his sake, could overcome the love of years.

But she was not religious. So thought the countess, and her son. When Emerich urged her to the confessional she would say, with a smile, "Says not Father Niklas that the universe is the habitation of its Creator? Then is not one place holy as another? Let him come to me, and sit beneath the shade of the greenwood tree, and I will sing to him every thought and feeling of my life." And, if they met the good man in their rambles, she would detain him with such lays as inspired them both with a love of Nature, and adoration of its Lord, as they had never felt before. She never knelt at the shrine of St. Josef, but she worshipped in silence the Madonna at St. Christine's, though her devotion was but the outpouring of one of the holiest instincts of our nature.

CHAPTER VI.

The Count Sczhenevi, and his countess, had begun to fear for the future influence of Garfilena over their son. They had indulged him in his childish attachment, as in all else, but was it not to cease with maturer years? Was that mysterious girl to be the bride of a Hungarian magnate? or the slave of his selfish pleasures? They feared either; and there was a strange coldness and anxiety in their manners towards her, which suggested the query to Garfilena. She was still in the bloom of early girlhood—just reveling in the ecstasies of feelings and sentiments which in her were early assuming the character of love—of deep tender blissful love—such as is the joy and grief of *genius*.

Garfilena was not ambitious; she cared not for the splendors of a life at the castle, but with Emerich she could live in happiness among the hills, if

he would be what he had been. But she heard tales of his harshness to the serfs, and cruelty to the Tzigani, which pained her heart. His indulgent father had delegated to him much authority, and he used it without mercy. Then came louder dissatisfaction; for, through the influence of Count Emerich, was Father Niklas dismissed from the confessional at the castle, and the prior at St. Christine's appointed to his place. Garfilena had ever avoided this stern old man, whose eyes had never met hers but with a piercing expression of scorn.

What did it all portend?

But soon there came to her another sorrow. The irritated Tzigani had divulged to them the secret of the birth of the songstress they so loved and cherished. Garfilena was the discarded child of a gipsy girl, and a Hungarian serf; and had been carried to her father's home when an infant, to avoid the trouble of supporting her, and the reproaches of her tribe. Envy soon carried the tale to the young lovers. Emerich raved, and threatened with death all who repeated the falsehood. He sought Garfilena. Of late she had avoided him, and their interviews had been short and unfrequent; though, when they were together, it seemed as if the bliss of a whole life concentrated in the fleeting moments. It was now long since they had met—they had parted then almost coldly, though each felt that the assumed indifference was but a veil over kinder feelings.

Emerich now found her by the forest cascade, where they had first seen each other. She was sobbing violently, for she had learned to shed bitter tears.

"It is false, Garfilena, my love, my princess! They have fabricated the lie, in revenge for my just punishment of their wickedness. Tzigani blood never glows through a skin like this. Tzigani bones have never made a form like thine; and Tzigani flesh shows not such round developements as yours? And hast thou not ever felt an antipathy to them, and theirs, which moves their hate, and shows thee of another lineage? Thy mind too, attuned by Nature to harmonize with all that is lofty, good, and beautiful! Thine has never been a Tzigani soul! Now cheer thee up, and sing a song of triumph, that their machinations have failed!"

But the impetuosity of her lover could not reassure Garfilena. She could not sing; she still wept, though her tears fell more softly. She arose to depart, but the count detained her.

"Sing to me, Garfilena! Sing, as thou often hast by this fountain; for it is long since I have heard thy voice. Sing this time, Garfilena!"

"Count Emerich, I will sing to thee this once, and but this once; and I will sing my last *Farewell*!"

The shades of eve were gathering over the spot when, upon its stillness, arose the plaintive notes of that parting song. In days gone by had Garfilena often sung to him a mournful melody, that they might share together "the joy of grief;" but ah! how different was it from this outpouring of the heart-wrung girl.

Count Emerich wept, though ashamed of his tears, and though he believed not her words that they should not meet again. The shades of night grew darker around them, and they arose to depart. Long and tender was their parting, for Garfilena had determined to look upon his face no more.

This determination was formed from the impulse of the moment, but that impulse had been created by past reflections. Yes! she had reflected, though in childhood, every act of her life had been but a shadowing forth of the deep fervent impulses of her soul. But circumstances had awakened re-

flection within her, and she had thought long and painfully. She felt that she dearly loved Count Emerich; and she knew that he was fondly attached to her. With his strong passions, his disregard of consequences, his fearlessness with every one, she felt that he would act his pleasure. They were both young, they had loved from childhood, and so they had never spoken of marriage; but she believed that he intended to make her his wife.

The rumor, that had just reached her, had awakened her to a livelier sense of her unfortunate position than she had ever felt before. Should she go to the castle to carry with her discord and misery? Should she thus reward the countess, who had been so kind to her? Should she deprive Emerich of his birthright? for he was surely entitled to the hand of a magnate's daughter.

There came to her another thought—no! not a thought; but the chill of a coming thought which cast its dark shadow before; but her mind turned from it involuntarily, for she would not *think* that Emerich could ever *wrong* her. She felt that he was willing to do, dare, and suffer for her sake, and she would act as nobly to him. She would never link her fate with his—she would spare him, and his, this trouble; yet she felt that she could not be with him, and near him, and restrain, within her heart, the strong tide of affection, or send it forth in the small quiet stream of friendship. No! she must flee, or she must die.

Garfilena reached the hut which had often been her home, and paused at the threshold. How life had changed! The future had heretofore been to her a bright perspective, on which she had loved to look; but now a black curtain had fallen before it, and all was blank to her vision.

She looked around, upon the night. Such she felt would life now be to her. Oh! when one who has been the sun of our existence is suddenly withdrawn, what darkness must follow. Yet in time the blackness lessens; the stars look out upon us; they grow brighter and brighter; and their sweet influences are of love and peace. Yes! friends whom we have disregarded will become dear; those who have faintly shared our affections will grow dearer; and those we have never known will now come forward. Garfilena's sun of life had set, but might not the eve be beautiful? with the dewy incense of its folding flowers, its nightingale music, and the pale light of stars.

Yet it is sad, when the pulses of life are bounding joyously within us, to have them forcibly stilled—to feel that the night has hastened on, ere the pleasures and labors of the day are well begun—to know that we have naught to do but to muse upon the day that has passed, to hope for a morrow, and to *wait for sleep*.

THE PAST! And it comes to us with its sweet memories, and bright visions. We were ambitious in early youth, and the future but looked the brilliant vista of hopes enjoyed, and anticipations realized. We loved the noble and generous—were excited by the bold and daring—and how we worshipped the beautiful!

But where are those visions now?—where the bright fancy which colored in its own hues the picture of life? Ah! they are all gone!

We have been in contact with the selfishness of the world, and have imbibed its own spirit. We have learned distrust, and practised upon the superficial hypocrisy of common life, until the ambition of youth has fled; its visions have vanished; and its sparkling fancy has faded into the twilight of common reality.

ESTE.

THE LOWELL OFFERING

AND MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1843.

GARFILENA.

A HUNGARIAN TALE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE time had passed when the ear of Father Niklas had been the recipient of every tale of fear, doubt, and sorrow in the domains of Sczhenevi. But now the griefs and sins, which tried the proud hearts at the castle, were confessed to the stern prior; and the anguish and remorse of one young heart was never poured into the ear of mortal man. But the confessional of the little votive chapel of St. Josef was never empty; and a quick eye might have noted how uniform was the expression of the devotees. Day after day did the good father listen to words, uttered in tones of aught but penitence; and unwearied was he in the utterance of counsel and advice. And why were there not observers to see how much more conscience stricken were the serfs than were their wives and daughters, and with how much more interest the father listened to their confessions than to those which had been oftener poured into his ears.

There was rebellion among the serfs!—deep deadly heart-seated rebellion—the more to be dreaded because it was strengthening slowly and silently. And Father Niklas was, in reality, the chief of the rebels. Not that he counselled violence or bloodshed; but the feeling of hatred and wrong was the stronger in them, because they knew that the same feelings swelled the heart, and guided the purposes, of their priest.

Father Niklas was the son of a serf—his superior intellect had attracted the notice of the count, who gave him freedom, and sent him to the community of St. Christine's to be educated. Upon the death of the old confessor he had been chosen, by the countess, to fill his place; and from that time until his dismission, there had existed the warmest friendship between the priest and his kind patrons. It was a friendship founded on their side upon respect for his deep learning, his amiable disposition, and the love which we all feel for that which we have nurtured and cherished; and on his part it had its foundation in the deepest gratitude, and a feeling of congeniality with their generous tolerant dispositions. The count and the priest were of one

heart in their desires to elevate the rude serfs, who were so wholly dependent upon them, and mutually assisted each other in this great work. As years went by the old count grew more remiss; partly from a natural love of ease, which increased with time, and partly from the expostulations of his son, who foreboded ill in this connection of mental culture and *serfdom*. But Father Niklas had never faltered, and he grew more ardent in his desires, and more determined in his designs, at the first intimation of opposition from Count Emerich. He had always been gentle and lenient in the exercise of spiritual domination, and this, with the feelings of clanship which he still cherished, had strengthened almost to idolatry their attachment to him. His tolerance had equalled the count's towards the heretics, and there were those who whispered that his own faith was not undarkened by their doubts. And this was why Count Emerich had urged his removal from the castle, and had threatened a final separation between him and his flock.

Count Emerich was right in his fears for the plans and influence of Father Niklas. In ignorance alone can men be kept in abject bondage. In darkness alone will they hug their chains, and in stolid callousness alone can they be insensible to their pressure. The ties of love and gratitude had made these chains as flowery wreaths to the bondsmen of the old Count Sczhenevi, but there was no such feeling for his son. Had Count Emerich been content to "walk in the footsteps of his father"—had he been willing to recognize, even tacitly, the natural rights of those over whom his country's laws had made him lord and master, peace, contentment, and a higher degree of prosperity and happiness, might still have characterized the domains of Sczhenevi. But Count Emerich loved arbitrary rule; he had always contemplated with pleasure the prospect of being "a man in authority"—of saying to one man *Go!* and he should go, or *Come!* and he should obey. But he found that his unreasonable commands were often disobeyed, his authority too much disregarded.

He had given due weight to the silent influence of the Tzigani, with whom life was the most perfect freedom, and whose example was a dangerous one for serfs now chafing in bondage. To them he was not sparing of curses, and they waited for *revenge*.

And how was Father Niklas to guide this deep dark tide? which slowly swelled with the elements of destruction. He felt that a heavy responsibility rested upon him, and his head throbbed beneath its weight. He was naturally very gentle—averse to all violence; but the trodden worm will turn—he had been injured and disgraced, by those too whom he had so fondly trusted—he was not now in his right mind, for

"to be wroth with those we love
Doth work like madness in the brain."

Little did the inhabitants of the castle think of the chasm which yawned at their threshold, and dark and dense was the cloud, whose shadow was not heeded.

There was one, among that company of troubled spirits, whose heart was too much engrossed with its own griefs to mark that which daily passed around her. There was one among them, though not of them, who was yet to be their source of inspiration; there was one who was to be their guide, and the guardian of those over whom Destruction hovered, who was as yet unconscious of the existence of trial and danger. It was *Garfilena*.

CHAPTER VIII.

The knowledge of the meditated rebellion fell upon Garfilena like a thunderbolt. Such a thing she could never have deemed possible, and it would never have been intimated to her had not those around her seen that, whatever her feelings towards the count's family might be, she strictly avoided the castle. Indeed no one knew where were her hidden haunts, or aught but that her mind was in a stupor—her voice was no more heard in song, and no smile ever flitted over her sad pale face. Count Emerich had sought her, it is true, but never with success, and the old count and countess seemed to have forgotten her existence.

Sadly indeed had life changed to the beautiful girl, and but for one feeling it would have been mere passive existence. She felt that she had made a great sacrifice. She had given up the hopes that are dearest to every young girl's heart; she had given up the hope of hope—the idea that she might ever love again. True, Count Emerich might not have been to her what she had believed he was ready to become, but she had acted upon an assurance of his devotion to her as strong, in her own mind, as the marriage vow itself could have made it.

There is in every true woman's heart a love of martyrdom, a desire to sacrifice for those she loves, and to cast upon the altar that which is dearest and holiest in her eyes. And Garfilena had done this. For his own sake she had resigned Count Emerich, and she had not even permitted herself the gratification, which in her situation might have been deemed somewhat excusable, the refusal in words of the young count. In his proud heart it must have rankled, and she felt that her memory would be dearer if unconnected with the thoughts of a discarded lover. For, while she knew that her life should be divested of every thought and memory of him, yet, in his heart, she hoped that she might ever dwell.

One thing more had she crushed, as a worthless bauble, and it was the hope of one day discovering a noble parentage. This hope had been suggested and cherished by her lover, but now she was resolved to consider herself, what she had been said to be, allied by blood to the serfs and gipsies. Terrible was this to her, but she was determined; she mingled with them, as one of them; she schooled her heart to regard them all with more of interest, and the effort which all this required rendered existence a life of heroism. Stagnant and cold would its tide have otherwise been, but now it flowed on in a warm quick roseate stream, though colored and quickened by her own heart's blood. He who can rule his own spirit has been said to be mightier than he who ruleth a city, and Garfilena, the companion of serfs and gipsies, was greater than she could have been as *Countess Sczhenevi*, for she did

"queen it well o'er her own sorrows,
As o'er rightful subjects."

If the knowledge of rebellion came upon Garfilena like a thunderbolt, it came with an electrifying, but not a destructive shock. It came from a dark cloud; and through the rift it made she looked upon the sky beyond. She now saw how she might exercise her dormant powers, for the good of all she had ever loved, and her mind was roused to action. To one who had lived and wandered as she had done, the plan was easy of suggestion, by which she might prevent violence and bloodshed. But it was also one

which would require her utmost and never-ceasing exertions. And this plan was, that all the dissatisfied serfs should leave that part of the country—that they should flee from bondage, rather than resist it. To submit to it she would never have counselled—her own love of liberty, and ideas of the natural rights of man, were averse to this, and she hoped that in freedom and solitude she could infuse into them the detestation of human control which characterized the Tzigani, and the submission to a higher and holier influence which she felt within herself, and which, with less refinement, was characteristic of the peasantry. A strange and heterogeneous compound of feelings, sentiments, and passions, was that which she hoped to blend into one—a love of true liberty. It was a visionary scheme, but Garfilena had always been a dreamer, and now that she had been so terribly awakened from early dreams, it was well that visions of another kind arose before her. She was full of faith in others, of confidence in herself, and hope of ultimate success. Her plans, thoughts, and feelings, were revealed to Father Niklas, who had wavered, feared, and doubted, till he was assured of his own incompetence to lead in any design, and who readily yielded to the guidance of a firmer spirit. More easily than he could she sway the hearts of all, for she would appeal to the common feelings of those who differed in faith; she would soften passion to feeling, and strengthen sentiment into resolution. This was to be effected by her influence over the heart—by her gifts as poetess, for in her were blended the poetry of thought, sound, and motion. In Hungary this may be made a mighty influence, for it is in accordance with the genius of the people—they express their joy and sorrow, their love, penitence, remorse, and devotion, in dance and song. And the mystery, which surrounded Garfilena's birth and character, was propitious to her designs.

"Let them believe, Father Niklas, if they will, that I am a supernatural being—they know that I am not evil—and it may be that the joys, sorrows, and trials, of all my past life have been overruled for this. I cannot live for myself alone; and there is not a maiden in the village so helpless as a household drudge. But I was not made for naught—these gifts which seem to separate me from all others, were yet bestowed for their benefit. I would not live and suffer in vain; and with all my waywardness, my mysteries, and powers, I may yet do great good."

"Be it as thou wilt, my daughter!" and the old man laid his hand upon her head. "The blessing of St. Josef be upon thee!"

"Of the Holy Mother!" replied Garfilena, quickly; and the picture of the Madonna came to her mind, with that strange vague remembrance, as though she once had been in that infant Savior's place.

"The blessing of the Holy Virgin be ever upon thee!" and then the old man and the maiden went their different ways.

CHAPTER IX.

It was a beautiful evening in the month of May. The cool balmy breezes came softly down, through the swelling vine stichs on the hills, and rustled through the tops of the tall trees in the valley. And darkness was creeping up to the lower hills, though the highest summits were still gilded by the departed sun. There was a roseate hue upon the castle battlements, and convent towers, and far up, in the transparent sky of that country, the new moon was seen, like a delicate crescent of silver. Seldom is it seen in other lands in so early a period of its monthly course, and none could wonder, who saw it suspended, "like the bow of an angel in the heavens," that it had been

chosen as the national ensign. There was the fragrance of the blushing blossoms of the peach tree, and "the leafless rods of the cherries" were hidden by their "flowers of bridal whiteness." The mists of night stole slowly up the highest hills, and the new moon bathed with silver the silken blossoms of the datura.

In the castle of Sczchenevi was a party of magnates, and most beautiful of the young nobles was Count Emerich. His short purple-velvet mantle, and jacket, which form a part of the surpassingly beautiful national costume of Hungary, were studded with jewels, and in his girdle glittered a jewelled sword and dagger of exquisite workmanship. At his side, in the feast and the dance, was the lovely daughter of a Magyar noble, but though her voice was sweet, it could not efface the remembrance of one far sweeter; and though her face was very fair, it but recalled the memory of one which was far more beautiful. The old count and countess were in high spirits, and none thought then that there could be a gathering of deeper interest, and even within the shadow of the castle walls.

Where the greensward was encircled by lindens the serfs had met. The retainers at the castle observed that the assemblage was unusually large, but in the hurry and tumult of the feast, and the preparations for the chase on the morrow, it was unremarked. Of late also these gatherings had been frequent; and they knew that the explanation was not false, when they said that they met to behold the dance, and hear the song, of Garfilena. Those strange melodious tones had been borne to the ears of listeners, who little dreamed their purpose, and the serfs had never been molested.

This had been the last day of bondage; and in the weather-beaten brow of every peasant was the impress of care and thought, which marks the free-man. They met there where they had often stood in thoughtless levity, with no anxiety for the morrow; and now, self-banished from that sheltering home, "the world was all before them—where to choose" no place of rest, but a refuge from the avenger, and a subsistence for those whose lives would depend upon their exertions. There might have been sinkings of the heart; for those, who had never toiled in solicitude during the past, were well prepared to foresee the dangers and trials of the future.

There was a slight rustle in the heretofore silent throng, like the whispering of the winds in the trees around them, when Garfilena advanced to the centre of the group. Her dress was one which she had recently adopted, a picturesque and graceful combination of the Tzigani costume, and that of the peasantry. A long white mantilla of the finest wool fell in soft folds around her person, and its purple border was of the hue worn by the proud Magyar. The beauty of her form, but not the gracefulness of her movements, was entirely concealed; and there, for a few moments, she stood like a statue before them. Her mantle was raised to her face, in the attitude of the Tzigani seers, and there was a breathless silence around her. She lowered her hand slowly, and the snowy fold dropped from a face of its own pure whiteness, and the large dark radiant eyes turned, with a searching look, upon the company around her. One glance told her that no foes were there, and with another she read their hearts, and felt what would be required of her. She knew that there were hopes and fears, doubts and depressions, among them, and her heart rose within her, in its solitary strength, to meet the demand which would be made upon it. It is far easier to arouse the fierce passions of man, and even to guide them, than to awaken and cherish that slow sure resolution which is the result of knowledge and reflection. Had Garfilena foreseen all the difficulties she had already encoun-

tered she would have shrunk from the task ; but now her heart was in her work, and it warmed and strengthened within her as she toiled on.

She cast aside her mantle, and the silvery moonlight played upon the long black tresses, which hung coiffess around her, and even the veil of delicate lawn had been laid aside. Her hair was bound back from her marble brow by a small circlet of myrtle, and her fair bosom was concealed by plaits of fine linen. Her jerkin, or bodice, was of jet black velvet, ornamented with pearls which had been the gift of a countess. Her tunic was of the snowy hue, and soft light fabric, as her mantle, with the same dark bordering. Her hands, arms, and feet, were bare, and might have been a model for a Phidias. So spiritual was her expression, so pure and graceful her attitude, that, when silent, her influence was felt by all who beheld her.

She began with a low sweet mournful strain, which soon subdued into a pensive tone the changeful feelings of her listeners. She sang of forsaken homes, of parted friends, of blighted hopes, and their hearts were relieved, by tears, of their sorrow. During this prelude her motions had been slow, and almost imperceptible ; but, when she changed her theme, they became quicker, and would have appeared rapid but for the ease with which they were performed. She sang now of newer friends, and higher sources of friendship ; of better homes, and hearthstones of their own ; of budding hopes, which promised sweeter joys ; and she roused them all to high enthusiasm. Then, in a louder, stronger tone, she sang of *liberty* ; and of the action and suffering which alone can fit men for it. Ere her last notes had died upon her lips they sprang to their feet, with the loud ringing shout of FREEDOM.

CHAPTER X.

The plan of departure had been well matured, and promised success. A few of the Tziganis were to accompany them as guides, and protectors, through the hills, and forests ; and one strange old beldam had insisted upon being one of this band. Garfilena felt an unaccountable aversion to this woman, though she had done her many an act of kindness, and evidently felt a deep interest in her fate.

The Tziganis, who were left in their old homes, were to oppose pursuit should it be made ; to mislead them as to the direction of the fugitives ; and to prevent, as long as possible, a knowledge of their departure, by taking possession, in disguise, of the huts of the peasantry.

With the assistance of that portion of the clan, who were with them, the *ci-devant* bondmen could make a house in the greenwood shade, and a chimney smoke, at any place, of three cross poles.

Father Niklas had performed mass when the bell of the convent rang for vespers, and they felt that the blessing of St. Josef would be with them. But stronger even than their religious faith was the enthusiasm which emanated from Garfilena. Her heart throbbed with hope, for she knew that pursuit and violence would be repugnant to the old count, and she felt that Emerich would never seek blood in a band of which she was a leader. Yes ! she led them, from home, from bondage, and oppression—in the stillness of that dark night they went forth, with their gipsy guides ; and that dauntless girl preceded the old father, who muttered prayers, and pressed to his heart the crucifix. We will not follow their wanderings—we will not say much of her who never failed or faltered in the toilsome march, and who cheered them on with her free firm voice by day, and her song and dance by night. They came to the Danube, and followed for awhile its deep dark course. They came to where it winds and doubles among the verdant hills, seeming like a

quick succession of beautiful lakes, and then they came where its high rocky shores present the appearance of a petrified city, with Gothic spires and lofty towers intermingled with Moslem minarets. But they left the course of the rushing stream, and went afar among the rugged hills. At length they found a home. A rude village was soon created, a chapel was built for Father Niklas, and a hut for Garfilena. The site of her habitation, and indeed of the village itself, was selected with reference to her wishes, and it was a wild romantic spot, which could not fail to please a taste like hers. Her cot was of a slight wicker frame, like the huts they had left, plastered within and without, and floored with unburnt clay, and with a long projecting roof thatched with reeds. Its exterior was not different from the other huts, excepting that she had transplanted flowering vines, which curtained the lattices and concealed the mud walls. But within it was whitened to dazzling neatness, and through the thin plastering could be discovered the wicker, which looked like delicate fret-work. The floor was covered with a soft carpet, which had been the gift of the old Tzigani hag to whom she felt such a strong antipathy; and, in one corner, was a mattress, which was her seat by day, and couch by night. A brasier for coals, and her musical instruments, completed her furniture, and the only ornaments were daily garlands of fresh flowers. And life was now as pleasant as it could be to her—it was freedom among Nature's wildest fastnesses by day, and the inspiring dance and song by night. It was her task to cheer, strengthen, and encourage those among whom she dwelt; to revive them when they drooped, and to enliven them when sad. She was regarded as their preserver, their inspiring genius, their guardian angel. She was still pale, and somewhat slighter than at first, perhaps from untiring exertion, but she was still most beautiful. Yet never did she hear a word of admiration, or devotion, which might not have been poured forth before the Madonna, at St. Christine's. In her unguarded cot she was as safe as if surrounded by bands of soldiery, and it was the purity of her own lofty unselfish character which was her safeguard.

Garfilena had learned of the nuns to play the harp, and of the gipsies to use the timbrel and castanets. She did not subject herself to the rules of her art, and only availed herself of them so far as they could regulate and increase her powers. There was something singularly sweet, wild, and touching, in her chants, even in those by which she endeavored to dispel sorrow. She seldom accompanied her moonlight dance, and song, with instruments, but when she sat amid her flowering vines, as the light of the departing sun came through the tall cypresses, she sang to the lyre, or arose and danced to the timbrel and castanets.

Her voice alone possessed a wonderfully varied power. She would tower it till it chimed with the murmurs of the stream, which wound around her home; she could harmonize it to the notes of every bird, even the rich tones of the nightingale. She could send it away, in a low sigh, upon the evening breeze; or pour it forth, in a rich gush of song, which brought her hearers to their feet, and made them tremble, and look up, to see if the soul of the minstrel had not arisen on those wings of melody.

There were times when she was severely depressed; when she could not utter even one note of wailing; it was when she thought of her joyous youth, and heard, from the Tzigani, who still held a mysterious correspondence with each other, tidings of Sczhenevi. She learned that there had been a search for them, in the neighborhood of the castle, at their first departure; but that the gentle countess, and conscience-stricken old count, had plead that there might be no protracted pursuit, and their son had yielded more

readily than they anticipated. She heard also of his marriage with a proud and lovely bride, and for a moment she drooped. She felt that even her memory was banished from his heart, but she was wrong. It is strange that woman should so often judge man by her weak self. She can love once, and only once; and if that love must die its ghost will haunt her heart through life. But he possesses a larger heart, and can share its prolific affections with many. If one love must die, he finds room to shrine its memory in the same tabernacle with those which are still as household gods. But, if Garfilena saddened at the thought that she was forgotten, she roused herself again, and these seasons of melancholy were often succeeded by those of fitful enthusiasm. If life was night to her it was the night of northern climes; with its sky of deep clear blue, its brilliant stars, its lights flashing up from the horizon, in varying streams of rose and purple, crimson and orange; or forming an arch of quivering silver, which pales away till the evening is left in its pure stern beauty.

CHAPTER XI.

Years passed away; and Garfilena, the beautiful and mysterious minstrel, remained in solitude. Even there her life was not one of ease—she would not have had it such, but her anxieties and exertions were too great, and it was slowly ebbing away. Her influence with her people had been over their feelings, and sentiments; and, unlike an ascendancy which is gained over reason, it required her never-ceasing exertions to maintain it. There were times when she wearied; but she never yielded to despondency, though she hoped that soon release might come.

One night the villagers had met, as usual, before her cottage door. She noticed not that there was an unusual expression of anxiety upon their countenances, but sang to them as she often did in happy times. Though Garfilena often sang a pleasant song, her own heart was never joyous. Yet she would have made others happy, though she might never have such happiness herself. The expression of her countenance told that she was never light hearted. It was an expression of sorrow when she was silent, and when she smiled it was a smile which faintly played in light around her lips, but never beamed from the depths of her large dark pensive eyes. It was the smile which tells of a heart that would fain meet smiles, and gladness, and bestow all it can in return.

Garfilena little thought on this night the cause of solicitude. The old gray-headed gipsy, who had ever haunted her, now came, and crouched at her feet. She had something to tell, but could not summon courage to unburden herself. But word had been sent them, by some of the old gang, that the aged Count and Countess Sczhenevi were no more. Emerich, now Count Sczhenevi, had attacked the horde, and they were scattered in every direction. It was rumored also, that he was about to march with an armed company to the villagers who had been his serfs. To this act he was instigated by his countess, who had learned of their retreat from a gipsy girl. The Countess Sczhenevi was a beautiful and high-spirited, but bigoted woman, and had in youth dedicated herself to the service of St. Christine; but her parents had interfered to prevent the consummation of this vow, and Count Emerich had found excitement in the endeavor to create an interest in a heart which had been given to its Savior. After their marriage he had found in her a congenial spirit—one ready to forward all his plans, however harsh, and cruel, they might be—at least every project which ostensibly aimed at their own aggrandizement, or that of the church. But the count

was not perfectly happy—there was the remembrance of a gentler, loftier being—one to whom the better feelings of his soul had responded like the swelling waters which rise towards the calm bright moon. Those feelings had slept long, too long to be ever fully awakened, and now his countess endeavored to arouse his darker passions, under pretence of religious solicitude. She impressed upon him the necessity of breaking up a community composed of heretics, infidels, and gipsies, and spoke of it as a Christian duty. Perhaps she was not aware herself, that she was somewhat influenced by the knowledge that one in that company had been once dearly beloved by the count, for there had been many to tell her of Emerich and Garfilena.

The count consented to obey her wishes, and he did it with more alacrity when he saw that refusal, or delay, would arouse the jealousy of a high-spirited woman. The expedition against the Tzigani was the first, and that against his father's former bondmen was the second, act of the new Count Sczhenevi.

Little did Garfilena imagine, on this night, that her former lover was so near—little did any one think that he was at hand. But while some were lost in anxious thought, and others were carried away by the song of Garfilena, the horsemen were stealthily surrounding the village. One tall noble form advanced impatiently before the others, clad in that beautiful Hungarian costume which is the most splendid national dress in Europe. Pride, passion, and bigotry, had drawn deep lines upon his hardened face, and none, who had known him when a boy, could have recognized him now. But though in exterior so entirely changed, yet at that moment, with that sweet voice ringing in his ears, he was again a boy—a wayward passionate boy, but with a heart yielding to the influence of mercy, gentleness, and love. There was a choking in his throat, a swelling in his heart, as he rushed forward, and beheld *Garfilena*.

Harshly as Time had dealt by him it had passed lightly over her. Her delicate features had never been distorted by evil passions. Her beauty had been eminently one of expression. Had she been devoid of this the regularity of her features, and the clearness of her complexion, would have given her every usual claim to it; but now the sweet and ever-varying expression of her countenance, attracted all attention, and caused other beauties to remain unnoticed. It was like the lights and shades which play upon the surface of a placid lake, and which lead us to forget the crystal clearness of the waters beneath them, though this is an unnoticed essential to its loveliness. Garfilena's expression had always been one of youthfulness. If, in childhood, her genius had given her the quick instincts, the keen insight, and deep feelings of maturer years, so in womanhood it preserved for her the shrinking delicacy, the pure and noble aspirations, the freshness of heart, and quick sensitiveness of the child. Neither Guilt, or Passion, had ever passed over her, leaving behind their dark indelible impression, and Sorrow had but left an imprint of noble refinement. Her complexion was still dazzlingly clear, her hair still luxuriant and wavy, and her expression was certainly not more sorrowful than when she had parted from Emerich by the forest waterfall.

A long cry burst from the group as Count Sczhenevi started to their midst; and, looking around, they beheld, among the shadowing trees, the gleaming of sabres, and heads of horses and horsemen. That deadly fear came over them, with which they had often thus met in the first years of the new settlement, but which had been long forgotten. Garfilena looked up, as it met her ear, and, as the moon shed its brightest rays upon her upturned face, she met the gaze of that dark stern strangely-altered man; and an unerrin-

instinct told her that it was *he*. The song rang from her lips in a sharp quick echo; and, leaping from the earth, as though an arrow had entered her vitals, she fell senseless upon the ground. The count started forward to raise her in his arms, but the step of Father Niklas was even quicker than his own, and the old priest raised his arm, with a look of menace. That proud man fell back, and his stout frame trembled beneath that upbraiding look, for he felt that the form, which had been so long and carefully withdrawn from his knowledge and remembrance, should still be sacred from his touch. The old man raised her from the earth, and the dark blood came slowly through her slightly parted lips. He carried her to her own home, and laid her upon her own bed; and the old Tzigani woman tried in vain every means of restoration. There was a stern silence without and within as they waited around that bed of death; for there she lay through the long night, with the blood still slowly welling from her heart, and showing that life was there.

Morning came with brightness and beauty; but she, who had been wont to greet it, lay silent and unconscious. With the first light of dawn the count had sent back all but his personal attendants, and now he waited for the death of Garfilena. The day passed on; but when evening came, and the setting sun threw a drapery of gold over her low pallet, she revived, though not to perfect consciousness. She heard the songs of the birds, and the music of the waterfall, and her mind went back to the days of childhood. For a few moments she was again, as in early years,

"By nature's smile, and nature's music led,
A child of melody that thoughtless strayed."

Then came darker remembrances; and, once more, her sweet voice arose on the air, in a low sad symphony, and, with a last effort of her failing powers, she sang the *farewell* song with which she had parted from Count Emerich. Then came a pleasanter thought, and a faint smile, and she essayed to sing a jubilee for *freedom*; but her strength was gone—the notes wavered faintly, then died upon the lips, which still retained a smile which never more might be displaced by sadness, for song and life had ceased with Garfilena.

CHAPTER XII.

With simple rites, and aching hearts, they buried the minstrel, in such a grave as she would herself have chosen. It was where the turf was very green, the flowers very beautiful, and the spot where the birds loved best to come.

After the burial the count sought the hut of the old gipsy, whose strange conduct had not wholly escaped his observation. She had watched, apparently in an agony of remorse, by the death-bed of Garfilena, and had turned from it with a look of unutterable disappointment when death had come with no perfect revival of consciousness. He found her miserable abode, but Father Niklas had again been before him. He had found the old woman lifeless. There were no marks of violence upon her person; and whether she had died from some secret poison, or from remorse of conscience, or from that judgment which sometimes follows, as retribution, an unrepented crime, there were none to tell. They buried her in a lonely spot, beneath the dark shadow of overhanging rocks, and then the count left them all with an assurance of no more molestation. * * * * *

Years passed over the little secluded community, and they brought their

changes—they brought more than their usual changes. There were wide differences now among those who had been so well united.

Since the death of Garfilena Father Niklas had grown gloomy, abstracted, and austere. He inflicted upon others, and himself, severe penances—he was constantly at his devotions, and was harsh towards those who erred from the true faith. Garfilena's gentle subduing influence had always been strong upon him, for he could best appreciate it; and now that she was gone, and old age had come, and death was approaching, he reviewed the past with contrition and remorse. He doubted strongly the justice and utility of what he had done; he felt severely his banishment from old friends, and associations—from all others of his class; and he writhed beneath the stigma which had rested long, and hitherto lightly, upon him. The change in his demeanor affected that of others towards him—he was repulsive to them, and they forsook him. Then he began to distrust; as old men often will, with less reason; he doubted the efficacy of every restraint, but that of stern unmitigated religious faith. His denunciations were of a terrible character, and his promises and hopes were held up before those, alone, who yielded unhesitatingly to all his decrees.

Those who were opposed to him were the strongest party, had they been united; but they were as far asunder from each other as from him. There were the heretics, or reformers as they called themselves, who were as bigoted and austere, in their simpler forms and doctrines, as were the devotees of Father Niklas; and then there was a gay dissipated band, who professed to be the worshippers of *Goodness*, and of *Nature*; but who, in fact, worshipped nothing at all. With a bold blasphemy they made the name of Garfilena their watchword; her grave was their shrine; her cottage their temple, and the greensward, where she had danced and sung, was the scene of their wild revelry. Beautiful, but bold and wicked, timbrel girls danced, and sang, in imitation of her, whose powers had been exerted with so sweet and hallowing an influence. Was it strange that her name, and memory, became less dear to those who heard it associated with themes which they abominated? and who saw themselves the by-word of rude scoffers, because they eschewed dance and song, all love of beauty and gladness, and passed their lives in morose devotion. At length harsher feelings were aroused, for the revellers began to work mischief for those whom they had mocked, and these deep feelings of hatred, and wrong, were roused to fierce vengeance when the votive chapel of St. Josef, and the humbler place of worship of the reformers, were wantonly destroyed by fire. Both parties united for revenge, and terrible was the meeting of the foes. In the wild frenzy of excited passion the dancers were eagerly sought; and, when the affrighted timbrel girls fled for refuge, to the grave of Garfilena, they were followed, even there, and their hearts' blood poured out above the unconscious form of her whose life had been all purity and gentleness.

After the havoc was over there followed feelings of deep shame and contrition. The wretched dead were removed from that sacred grave, but, for a time, the flowers died there, and the grass withered away. The love of dance and song departed; the admiration of loveliness and gaiety, of the voice of mirth and artlessness was no more known among them. Life was cheerless, and the grave regarded as the only portal to happiness. There was a remembrance of something like earthly innocence, and pleasure, among those who had not forgotten the lovely minstrel, but darkness was around them—darkness unbroken, excepting by the *ignis fatuus* rays which glimmered over the grave of Garfilena. * *

THE following lines were suggested by hearing an allusion to that beautiful Swedenborgian superstition, that the dead, though invisible, are ever around us. The writer has been unable to embody, in the following lines, her own ideas of the cheering and hallowing influence which such a faith must possess.

ROOM FOR THE DEAD.

"Ye are not *dead* to us;
 But as bright stars unseen,
 We hold that ye are ever near,
 Though death intrudes between,
 Like some thin cloud, that veils from sight,
 The countless spangles of the night."

Room for the dead!

O, let them come, with gentle noiseless tread,
 And hold communion sweet, once more,
 With those that they have loved in days of yore.
 As though we heard their voices in the air,
 For the departed ones we will prepare:
 Nay, but they are not gone; for, even yet,
 Among the fire-side circle they shall sit;
 Bringing, to earth, their blessings from afar,
 Like light and guidance of some brilliant star.
 Room for the dead!

Room for the dead!

Here let that old man come, with silvered head!
 And, though ye may not see him sitting there,
 Yet taketh he again the old arm-chair,
 And casts around a look benign, while we
 Bend, as in youth, to him the filial knee.
 His trembling hand shall rest, ere he depart,
 Upon my head; his blessing on my heart.
 Room for the dead!

Room for the dead!

For her who erst my infant footsteps led!
 Who loved me, with a mother's holiest love;
 And keepeth watch, from her bright home above,
 Save when she comes, with unseen step and smile,
 And bids me wait here patiently awhile,
 Enduring all, with firm unwavering faith,
 And looking calmly for approach of Death!
 Room for the dead!

Room for the dead!

For those with whom such bright hours sped,
 When we have met, in light and careless play,
 And frolicked childhood's sunny hours away.

They were an angel band—and Death hath made
 No change, save that by *changelessness* conveyed:
 Theirs is the lot of an immortal youth;
 They come to me with childhood's love and truth.
 Room for the dead!

Room for the dead!

Brother, return! thou bringest here no dread,
 Though thou, 'neath Ocean's waves, wast laid to sleep,
 My faith shall bid thee rise, and walk upon the deep:
 Here thou shalt meet with those who, 'neath the sod,
 Have left the body to await its Maker—God.
 And thou shalt tell them Death is e'er the same,
 Whether he come in wave, or sword, or flame.
 Room for the dead!

Room for the dead!

Room for the loved one; whom, in youth, I wed—
 Back, to my arms and heart, O, let him come,
 And gladden, with his presence, still this home.
 Then I will wipe my widow's tears away,
 Again with him I'll kneel, and softly pray;
 I'll sit, and gaze with rapture, in his eyes,
 And sing, with him, the song of Paradise.
 Room for the dead!

Room for the dead!

For him o'er whom my poor wrung heart has bled;
 Now let me see my cherub boy once more,
 And all a mother's fondness o'er him pour;
 'T was Heav'n that gave, and Heav'n that took away,
 And I with resignation well may pray,
 Since joy is mine, that, on my throbbing breast,
 My child again may lie, and take sweet rest.
 Room for the dead!

Room for the dead!

Come ye for whom my board hath oft been spread;
 Seats are prepared, and we a feast will make,
 Of which the unseen ones may well partake.
 Here we our converse joyfully will hold,
 Of Heaven, its King, its courts, and streets of gold—
 This earth shall grow more beautiful as we
 Lift up the veil, that hides eternity,
 And happiness our homes will ne'er forsake,
 If, at our hearths and boards, we ever make
 Room for the dead.

H. F.

CHAPTERS ON LIFE AS IT IS. NO. IV.

"Men descend to meet."

"Oh! the stupidity and monotony of this dull round of every day—no, I will not call it living, it is only *staying*!" exclaimed Lizzy White, as she flung herself on a chair in her own room, whither she had fled to avoid the nonsense of some dozen chatterers in the common sitting-room. "Oh that, once in a great while, I could inhale the delicious essence of a refined and intellectual interchange of thought, in our hours for conversation!"

"Lizzy, why do not you seek to give a more elevated tone to conversation?"

"Lucy, I have often done so, but have so often found my humble endeavors treated with rude neglect, if not contempt, that I am heartily sick and discouraged."

"Well, Lizzy, then I suppose you must descend to meet the mass, if you cannot elevate them to your standard."

"Dear Lucy, that is the very idea I do not like. If we had less descending to such frivolous chit-chat, we might have more *conversation*; and such conversation as would not only instruct, but interest and amuse."

"I do not say it should be so, Lizzy, indeed! I think it ought not, but unquestionably it is true that there is a general descending when people meet. One hesitates to introduce a subject from real diffidence; another through fear of being thought officious; and thus, one for this reason, another for that, each hesitates, until, oppressed with the awkwardness of their position, they rush, by common consent, to 'vain babbling,' or 'tea-table scandal,' to pass the fleeting moments."

"Well, Lucy, it is said, 'the physician who understands the cause of a disease, can most effectually prescribe a remedy. What course do you recommend for the elevation and improvement of conversation?'"

"It is necessary first, Lizzy, to understand what conversation is, or rather whence cometh it? One popular author declares it to be an emanation, and no more subject to our control than any other spirit impulse; another pompously declares it to be an *art*, and announces himself prepared to furnish the rare commodity, 'conversational entertainment,' by the hour, for festive occasions. My own opinion, and I offer it as an opinion merely, is, that more depends on a congeniality of spirit than most people are willing to admit; much also depends on circumstances. We converse with ease and freedom here by ourselves, but were we now in the sitting-room we should sit as mute as marble, or join the common chit-chat there. Circumstances, having an influence either to advance or obstruct the course of conversation, are of diverse characters: as, a friend with whom I have been acquainted several years, and one whom I highly esteem as a man of moral excellence, and as possessing an amiable and generous disposition, and also a cultivated mind, is so noted for his taciturnity, that no one thinks of engaging him in conversation for more than five minutes; yet this same man has been known to visit, with his wife, the couch of an invalid, and by his flowing, graceful and interesting conversation, entirely to draw her attention from acute suffering for half an hour at a time."

"Lucy, there are still other causes that you have overlooked, which, in my view, have a most deleterious effect on conversation. The great *I*, and little *you*, which are ever forcing themselves on the attention of every ob-

server, are any thing but conducive to a free interchange of thought. Many persons seem incapable of paying respectful attention to any thing advanced by another, especially if it clashes, in the slightest degree, with their own infallible(?) opinions. Others, if they attempt to converse, will assume, in the outset, that those with whom they speak are ignorant of the subject, and indeed of any other topic of rational converse; and this has a direct tendency to paralyze every energy, so they cannot communicate a single thought with ease or elegance. I believe this last to be the fault, more especially, of gentlemen."

"Lizzy, there is undoubtedly much truth in what you say, and I hope some plan may be devised, which shall, at least, lessen the evil."

ORIANNA.

TO THE "LINNŒA BOREALIS."

My sweet little flower: when valleys are drear,
And brown all the hill-tops, the forest trees sere;
When the flowers, that opened in summer, are dead,
From earth, thy cold pillow, thou liftest thy head.

Thy delicate blossom, mid evergreen leaves,
Glow's awhile in the wreath which the merry spring weaves;
Then slumbers again, until summer is past,
And keepeth its loveliest smile for the last.

I love thee, sweet flower: thou makest me glad,
Like the smile of a friend, when the spirit is sad;
And thy fragrance like words of affection when told
By a heart that is true, when all others are cold.

And, beautiful one, I will gather from thee
A truth that shall cheer me when other joys flee;
When earth has grown cheerless, and gloomy the skies,
Even then may *Hope's* blossom be gleaned by *the wise*.

L. L.

TO THE "BLUE DEVILS."

AN ADDRESS TO THE HYPOCHONDRIAC'S DEMON.

HA! hast thou come, to shadow with thy darkness each gay tint of fancy, feeling, wit, and social love? Reckless is thy course—thou destroyest the richest, brightest gilding of imagination's power, and, like the scorching ashes from volcanic mount, obscurest the sun of life—sweet Hope.

Whence art thou? dreaded invisible intruder! Thou comest, silently stealing thy march over every faculty of mind—chaining in thy dreary embrace, its every power of intellect, passion, and action. Thy dominion is

alike over the strong, the brilliant, the gay and gifted, and over the weak, the fond and credulous. Speak!—whence art thou? * * *

Ha! dost thou echo back my words in mockery? Now I know thy throne, thy home, and kingdom. It is amid the battle-ground of man's unchecked, conflicting passions. Thy attendants are Pride, Disappointment, and Vain Repinings.

Despotic, cruel, withering Power! Thy presence scathes and blasts each thought of joy. I would that thy spirit was embodied in some tangible existing form, and that to me was given thy torture. Within some dark and loathsome cavern I would prison thee, with naught but thine own hideousness for companionship. Then I would kindle the ever-scorching blaze of a malicious, slanderous tongue beneath thy feet, and leave Envy's furies to ply the fuel. And Hatred should be there to pour the oil of its own venom on thy head; and Scorn should add the keenest pang to thy bitter agony, as thou gavest up thy loathed existence, and dissolved into thin air, *blue* as thine own majesty.

ESTR.

THOUGHTS OF HOME.

It is indeed so: the green hills of my childhood are again presented to my view. I see my home amid its vines and flowers; the garden still blooming, and the orchard laden with its golden fruit. No ruthless hand has felled the aged chestnut tree, that often, in my childish day, was wont to shield me from the summer's potent rays. That silver stream, as bright and clear, meanders through the sunny field. And there is my laughing brother, with his kite, and baited hook, and shout still free and joyous. My gentle sister, with her "eye of light, and lip of love." And I can hear the music of my mother's voice, can see her smile of love, and, at the hour of rest, feel again her hand gently laid, in blessings, on my head. The prayer, the good-night, the kiss—all, all are there. And then my father's grave—the rose my mother planted there with her own hand, and reared with anxious care, and watered with her tears. But, ah! that sounding bell dispels this waking dream, and tells me, that I am still a wanderer, far from home and those I love, dwelling where all are strangers, and few are kind.

O! years have I wandered, like Noah's weary dove, over deserts, wastes, and wilds, nor found a leaf, or olive branch, on which to place my earthly loves. And now my heart would turn to thee, thou blessed ark of rest: O! take the wanderer home. Here would I garner up all my affections; nor place them on a world so cold, so false, as this has proved—so faithless to its promises.

E. D.

THE PAST.

I've loved the past, and I love it now,
Although its dark clouds have shadowed my brow;
But sweetly and bright, fell youth's early dream,
On the sparkling tide of my young life's stream.
My heart beat high, as with Hope's golden hue,
I gilded each scene that Fancy then drew;
And the future was e'er but a sunlit glade,
Where Friendship and Love in the soft air played.

Oh, 't is sweet to recall the bright page of youth,
 Its purity, confidence, trust, and truth ;
 To paint o'er again, all its pictures so fair,
 And in mem'ry raise up its "castles of air."
 But I've lived, and I've learned in this changing life,
 That early hopes fade in its scathing strife ;
 Yet, I love to turn to the sunny past,
 And call back the dreams which fled so fast.

But time has broken the charm of the dream,
 And dark flows the tide of the passing stream ;
 The heart now struggles with anguish riven,
 And Hope's bright hues have faded in even.
 The Future's dark vista hath no light, save
 The beam which shines from the sun of the grave ;
 And pure and unchanging friendship and love
 This earth hath not—I must seek them above.

Avz.

EDITORIAL.

A MANUAL LABOR SCHOOL. This has been the subject of one editorial article, and we should not refer to it again but for the following letter, recently received from the Principal of Troy Female Seminary, a lady known by reputation throughout our country.

Perhaps no other article in the Offering has created such universal satisfaction as the one to which this letter alludes ; and now that we are seated, for the last time, in the *chaire editorielle* of the *Lowell Offering*, we may be permitted to recall attention to this and some other suggestions we have made. We have strong faith that an institution of this kind would be well sustained. It would meet the wants and feelings of many New England girls. We have received letters from some of our young friends, who say that when our *Manual Labor School* is established they will come here and work. The success here met with, a few weeks since, by the agent of a school of this kind in another State, though probably greater than he deserved, may encourage the institution of one of a similar character here. We hope that what we have said upon this, and other subjects, which has been acknowledged to be of some importance, will not be forgotten nor disregarded. With this preliminary we give our readers the letter of Mrs. Willard, hoping that its subject, and the well-known character of the writer will be our apology for taking such liberty.

TROY FEMALE SEMINARY, August 14, 1843.

When different independent minds bring out, without concert, the same results in reasoning from the same premises, there arises from this circumstance a presumption of the correctness of that conclusion. This remark occurred to me, as I read this morning, an editorial article, page 213 of your June number. The situation of the interesting portion of our young females employed as operatives in factories, the creditable manner in which, especially at Lowell, they have shown to the world, that there is no position, which may not be ennobled by the mind and character of those who occupy it, have been much in my thoughts, and I have resolved plans for their benefit in regard to education, that the light now among them might be made to shine still brighter, and their present good character become still better. And the result to which my own mind had arrived is absolutely expressed in the excellent article to which I have alluded. Such a plan of a Manual Labor School I fully believe to be practicable ; and I should sincerely rejoice to see it carried into effect.

It is my opinion, that a Manual Labor School might with greater certainty of permanent success be connected with manufacturing industry, than with either domestic or agricultural. The factory operative goes every day to the same employment exer-

cised at the same place. Hence the most perfect regularity of alternating the hours of labor and study can be attained. But in agricultural labor, and in a less degree in domestic, one day there must be one thing done—another, another, in a different place; nor can the farmer tell his assistants to-day what they shall certainly do to-morrow, for the uncertainty of the weather may derange his plans. Nothing of this happens to prevent the labor going on with perfect regularity in a factory.

That the manufacturers would find it their interest to encourage such schools I also believe. Have they not thus far been rewarded for all the care they have bestowed in making for their young females commodious homes, and providing the means of a proper conservatorship, so that none but girls of good character shall be employed? Reverse all this and see how their best operatives would flee from them; and they might then seek among the descendants of the New England stock, and seek in vain for others to fill their places. Let them follow up this system to its perfection, and endeavor to rear up a set of women ennobled by science, as well as by usefulness and virtue; and the good and respectable will more and more be contented to serve them, while more and more they will secure their own interests, and at the same time those of patriotism and philanthropy.

Accept the assurance of my best wishes, and of my esteem.

EMMA WILLARD.

CLOSE OF THE VOLUME. It is not without some unpleasant feelings that we close this volume, especially as it is probable the existence of the Offering ceases with this number. And a discontinuance, for want of patronage, is something so very uncomplimentary to the editress and contributors that, in justice to ourselves, we must make some very frank statements.

We do not believe that our subscription list would have been thus small had it been generally known that we needed more support. We have made no complaints, and few appeals; and for this reason, that we did not feel as though a work of this kind should be pressed upon the public. We could not say, as is usually said of periodicals, that we thought its existence essentially necessary to the well-being of the community—that no other work, of the same size or price, was so instructive, or interesting; and that we felt it a duty to urge its claims upon all who had the good of their fellow-beings at heart. And yet we did believe there was a task for the Offering to perform, which could not be so well done by any other work, of ten times its intrinsic merit. We believed that its indirect influence would be to do honor to the laborer, and especially the female laborer—and, certainly, its direct influence must be to elevate her, who, among laborers, has been considered the Paria—one of the lowest caste—we mean *the factory girl*. It would naturally be thought that in a community like ours, where so much is said upon the dignity of labor, and kindred subjects, that a work like this would receive spontaneous, and not reluctant, support; especially after such an appeal as we made, in our first article, to the gallantry of the gentlemen, if for no other reason, than that we were a band of *young females*—of laboring females—of *factory girls*. A gentleman in the State of New York said that he should think we might obtain a list of 50,000 subscribers, and so we might if all other States did as well for us as this has done. In New York we have three hundred subscribers, besides those supplied by the agent in New York city. We have one hundred in the city of Albany, among whom are the Governor of the State, the State Treasurer, Attorney General, and, we believe, the heads of all the departments, and almost all the other dignitaries of the place. Our distant subscribers are, we are told, generally those names which would do honor to any list of the kind. Copies of the Offering have been sent to England, Scotland, Ireland, and France; and have been, in those places, regarded with pleased astonishment. We have some subscribers in all the States of the Union, excepting some of the Southern States. We have received papers, requesting an exchange, from every State and Territory; and we mention these things to show that the fame of the Offering has spread far and wide. We have received very complimentary notices from many of the first periodicals, and papers in the Union, all of them entirely unsolicited. We have numbered among our friends such men as William Ellery Channing, John G. Whittier, Horace Greeley, Henry I. Bowditch, &c., and such women as Harriet Martineau, Eliza L. Follen, Emma C. Embury, Mary S. Gove, Maria W. Chapman, Sarah C. Edgarton, Elizabeth P. Peabody, and Emma Willard; and doubtless many others of whose favor we might well be proud.

If there is an appearance of vanity in these statements we trust our readers will excuse us. We have not filled our covers, as we have frequently been advised to do, with the fine compliments which have been paid us, and which, in consequence, many believe we have never received. But though we take this opportunity to assure our

friends that their kindness has not been unnoticed, we do not regret that we have not resorted to any of the customary clap-trap methods to sustain ourselves. The Offering has been regarded with much distrust, but we believe it has always been as free from any thing dishonorable in its management as a periodical could be. We *know* that this has been the case with the present volume. We have acted to the best of our ability in the situation in which we were placed, and have always done what we thought to be right. In our editorial capacity we are aware that we have not given universal satisfaction. It might have been expected that one who exchanged the shuttle for the editorial pen would make mistakes—we have been aware of them ourselves, and should have endeavored, in a farther trial, to improve upon the experience of the past. We said we exchanged the shuttle for the pen—we were wrong, for we have never discarded the former; and, though we have not worked constantly at our old employment, it was because we did not think the interests of the Offering required self-immolation.

We have written without assistance, and in almost every instance unadvisedly. We preferred to do this, at the risk of making ourself disagreeable or ridiculous, because, in that way, alone, could we appear with the freedom and individuality which would be most likely to win confidence and sympathy.

There were elements of dissatisfaction at the commencement of the volume, and these have not entirely died away. The union of the Offering with the Magazine was not so propitious to the interests of the former as was anticipated. We lost old subscribers, and old contributors, without gaining a corresponding increase from the opposite party—indeed the majority of our Magazine subscribers have discontinued their support; the contributors have done better. In justice to some of these, who have been somewhat neglected, we will state that we have not been wholly guided by the intellectual merits of an article in its acceptance or rejection; but many considerations have combined to influence our decision. Sometimes we have rejected an article because it was too long, or too grave, or the subject too hackneyed, or it had been treated of by a former correspondent, when the article was otherwise worthy of an insertion. Then again we would receive an article which would have been gladly published if it had not been too carelessly written—too full of mistakes—though we have given short specimens of our poorest contributions. Then, again, in some of the articles sent us, a sectarian bias has been too plainly visible, though they were otherwise very excellent.

Of those which were on file for insertion, had we continued the Offering, are those upon True Greatness, The Landing of the Pilgrims, Napoleon at St. Helena, The Influence of Fashion, The Immortality of the Soul, Wealth and Poverty, and many others. Then we have quite a little collection of poems; some of which are very good, and some we are *afraid of*.

We should have been very glad to have published a very long, very excellent, and very original story, entitled *The Smuggler*, but it was received too late, as we should have had room for but one chapter per month, and there were six chapters of it. We hope it will be given to the reading community in some other publication. The Portrait Gallery was discontinued for want of room—as most of the contributors wrote didactic articles we thought we could not crowd theirs wholly out of the Offering, and the author of that series could write fiction for our pages.

We should think that including our pile of contributions, the untouched roll of manuscript presented us by the former editor, and the articles formerly written by ourself for the Improvement Circle, that we have now enough on hand to fill another volume of the Offering. We do not discontinue, as many have predicted that we should, for want of matter to fill our pages. But though the contributors have done well, it can be said of very few of them, "*She hath done what she could.*" We should have been gratified by a livelier interest in the Offering, and the Improvement Circle. The latter, we hope, will not die with the Offering. Let us still meet, and write, and read for the improvement of ourselves and each other. We hope, as the evenings become longer and cooler, that we shall be able to make them more interesting than they have hitherto been. The long stories commenced by the President, will be continued, and some others have promised to furnish us with tales.

We have heard of unkind remarks because the Circle was not confined to the factory operatives—but not one syllable of the writings of the other members has ever found admission to the pages of the Offering, and we did not feel disposed to exclude some very agreeable, intelligent and amiable girls entirely from our companionship, because they had never enjoyed the privilege of working in a cotton mill.

We have been thought to exhibit an undue degree of deference to our employers—we have been spoken of as entirely under their influence. We have been influenced

by nobody, and nothing so much as by our own sense of justice. We do not think the employers perfect; neither do we think the operatives so. Both parties have their faults, and to stand between them as an umpire is no easy task. The operatives would have us continually ring the changes upon the selfishness, avarice, pride, and tyranny, of their employers. We do not believe they possess these faults in the degree they would have us represent them; we believe they are as just, generous, and kind as other business men in their business transactions. Their own interest occupies their first thought, and so we find it elsewhere. We cannot speak of selfishness, avarice, &c., as monopolized by them, for we do not see this to be the case. That their business transactions are based upon the principle involved in the golden rule is not true; neither is this regarded by our other business men. In this respect society is all wrong; there is too much of the feeling that "to him that hath shall more be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken even that which he hath;" but we would do nothing to add to the opprobrium of which the manufacturing capitalists have already received an undue share.

It may be said of us, that they will merely laugh in their sleeves at our Quixotic defence, but we always wrong ourselves by doing or suffering wrong to others. The desire to retrieve wrong, and redress the injured, appears amiable even in the mistaken knight of La Mancha.

We believe also that those who are so ready to point to the beam in another's eye should first cast out that which is in their own. What can we think of those who wish to make the Offering a medium for their avarice and ill-will? We could do nothing to regulate the price of wages if we would; we would not if we could—at least we would not make that a prominent subject in our pages, for we believe there are things of even more importance.

Our fellow-operatives have been wayward in withholding their support; they should remember that evil has often been spoken against them, and that the same tongues *speak still*. Nothing has done more for the removal of prejudice than the Offering, and it might have done yet farther good. Our aim has not been to represent the factory girls as a company of angels, or a factory life as "the ideal of a true life." Far from it. But we wished to do one thing, and that was, to remove aught of stigma which attached to the mere name of factory girl; we wished that *that* alone should be no barrier to her reception into any society for which she was otherwise fitted, and no barrier to her hopes of attaining any other employment or situation. We wished to show to the world, that labor which has been thought most degrading, was not inconsistent with mental and moral cultivation. We would have taught a lesson to those in the Old World, who say that democratic institutions level downward, but *never* upward. We believe we have done some good in this way, and we should have been happy if we could have done more. We should have been pleased if some of the suggestions we have thrown out had been acted upon; they may be at some future time, but if not we are glad that we made them. No good deed is ever wholly lost, and no good word is ever spoken in vain. Had we known certainly that this year would have been our only opportunity, we should have written more in behalf of the operatives. We should have mentioned many things which might still conduce to their comfort and happiness.

It has been said that the Offering has done too much credit to the factory girls. If this is the case its discontinuance will effect a just equipoise. It cannot be regarded as an emanation from the whole mass when the mass eschew it entirely. The question has often been asked, "How many contributors have there been to the Offering?" We were not in all the secrets of the former editor, but we have known of more than *seventy*. We are almost the only one, who wrote for the first number of the Offering, who has also written for the last. We are the only one who has written constantly for the old and new series. For three years it has mingled in our daily thoughts and occupations, and it is not without deep feeling that we resign our connection with it. We have been thought to have betrayed much egotism in our editorial capacity. Perhaps it was natural in our situation, and we thought it no more than *honest* that thoughts and feelings, which were shared by so few, should go forth as those of an individual, and not as those of the representative of a large body of females.

With these statements and explanations we take leave of our patrons, well-wishers, and readers, and our final farewell of THE LOWELL OFFERING.

HARRIET FARLEY.





3 2044 019 638 873

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED
AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS NOT
RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON OR
BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED
BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE
NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE
BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.

WIDENER
CANCELLED
CHARGE



Mr.

D

